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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Fighting for What Democracy?

Just as the Indian National Congress has asked the British government to show that it is fighting for democracy by granting democracy a chance in India, so French progressives might ask their own government to prove its aims too by behaving decently at home. It is reported on good authority that the French government has interned thousands of German anti-fascist refugees in concentration camps—on the ground that they are enemy aliens. Some of the Germans interned are indeed Nazis, but most of them are proved fighters against Hitler. And no matter what their politics, the conditions in which they are forced to exist are inhuman. A friend of ours writes that there is no drinking water, and only one-fourth of a liter of water daily for a man to wash both himself and his dishes. Another friend of ours received a letter before the war broke out saying that the Cagoulards, who had been imprisoned for plotting a fascist rebellion against the French Republic, had been released and that many of them had been given work in the civilian anti-aircraft defense organization, naturally a position of great strategic importance. This charge is repeated by André Marty, the Communist deputy, in his recent open letter to Léon Blum. In addition, the French government has suppressed the Communist Party, which had more than 300,000 members and 72 elected deputies, removed many elected officials from their posts on the ground that they are Communists, and raided headquarters and suppressed newspapers of this large minority. This might be excusable if the Soviet Union were an ally of Germany. But the British and French are talking and acting as if it were not, and as if, in fact, it might become an ally of their own. When the French get through fighting for democracy, under leaders whose allegiance to it is dubious, how much democracy are they going to have left?

The End of the Debate

The Senate has adopted the repeal of the arms embargo by 63 votes to 30 and it seems likely that the House will follow the same course within the next few days. The administration forces conducting the fight for repeal played their cards with great skill. They compromised on the proposal for ninety-day credit and

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also on permitting American ships to continue to operate except in the really dangerous North Atlantic zone. As our Washington correspondent pointed out, the administration was delighted to give way on this second point, since forbidding our ships to go elsewhere was never a part of its real policy.

The great debate which is now nearing its close was a disappointing one, with a good deal of hypocrisy on both sides. The opponents of repeal, in particular, talked as though Great Britain and France wanted to buy only arms from us. In fact, during the Great War when there were no restrictions at all, the Allies expended 85 to 90 percent of their money in our markets for such items as cotton, copper, steel and foodstuffs. This business is still going on and the opponents of repeal never showed any inclination to stop it. By soft-pedaling the great bulk of our commerce, which has been carried in American ships into the danger zone, with serious consequences that can already be seen in the case of the "City of Flint," they debated in an atmosphere of unrealism which the country apparently sensed. The House will probably do no better, but at least it may do quicker.

Appeasing Stalin

Apparently the British government has embarked on an attempt to appease Stalin and bring him into the Allied camp. It has carefully avoided giving any offense since the war started, and now both Chamberlain and Halifax have stated not only that the British government was under no obligation to protect Poland from the Soviet Union but that the latter was fully justified in occupying Polish territory to protect itself against Hitler's advance. The clear implication is that in any reconstitution of Poland after the war the Polish Ukraine and White Russia will not be a part of the new state. Great Britain refuses to be alarmed by Moscow's objection to the blockade and by promises of Soviet economic aid to the Reich. All this is wise policy, but it would have been more to the point a couple of years earlier. While Britain has everything to lose and nothing to gain by forcing Stalin into active enmity, the chances are slight that he will ever again trust the men who, he believes, tried to betray him. He is highly suspicious and bears long grudges. We doubt that the Soviet government will, in its own interest, bring about Hitler's victory by active intervention. We doubt that it even could. But we expect to see it pursue strictly what it conceives to be its own advantage, without any tenderness for the welfare of Britain, France or any other nation.

Soviet Sauce, British Goose, German Gander

The Soviet government, in protesting against the British definitions of contraband and methods of carrying out the blockade, is following very much the course pursued by the United States in the earlier stages of the world war of 1914. In our efforts to preserve "neutral rights"—which traditionally involve rights to trade with belligerents and send ships unharmed through war zones—we carried on an acrimonious controversy with Great Britain. To have enforced our point of view would have weakened the blockade and might have led to German victory, if not, indeed, to war by us against Britain. Because American sympathies were largely on the Allied side, our government rested content with writing notes. But it later did enter the war against Germany, largely to back up its protest against the effect of unrestricted submarine warfare on neutral shipping. It is the impression that an attempt to enforce "neutral rights" leads to participation in war that has caused us to abandon them in our latest neutrality legislation, by trying to keep American-owned goods and ships out of harm's way.

It will be interesting to see whether the Soviet Union enlarges her difference with Britain over the blockade. If she carries it far enough, it can readily supply a pretext for hostilities. But the same kind of controversy can arise with the Reich, if the Soviet Union ships goods to England. Germany's definitions of contraband are essentially the same as Britain's, and her measures against neutral shipping are even more severe, wherever effective. So far, Moscow's neutrality looks like benevolence to Berlin. Logically pursued, however, it can turn the other way.

The Ukraine Signs Up

News that the Polish Ukrainian assembly, recently elected, has voted to join its territory with the Soviet Union will not impress outsiders too much. Is it conceivable that any assembly elected under the circumstances would have voted otherwise? The elections were held under the occupation of the Red Army; strict censorship prevents us from knowing all that went on. It is unlikely that anti-Soviet candidates would have presented themselves for election even if allowed to do so; unlikely that they would have dared to make an active campaign. In the Soviet Union itself the terror keeps opponents of the regime firmly in subjection. It is a gain, however, as compared with the German section of Poland, that the Ukrainians voted and have an assembly at all. Under the USSR they will at least have cultural autonomy, though even less political liberty than they enjoyed under dictatorial Poland, and not much more than they would enjoy under imperialist Germany.

The USSR Needs an Embargo

We wonder just how gullible the Soviet citizens are when we read that the Moscow press has denounced repeal of the American arms embargo. If it is immoral to sell war necessities to an imperialist combatant, just how moral is it to sell them to Hitler?

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We should think Communist propagandists would be a little wary of this line, in view of the fact that in their form of society, which has no unemployment, no unsalable surpluses and no idle resources of production, the export of war materials means an immediate sacrifice in the already low standard of living. In no country would a complete embargo on war exports be more logical than in one practising a nearly self-contained socialist ecomony. Such an economy makes it clear that sending out of this country goods that are not paid for by goods of equal value sent in, impoverishes the people. How can Germany, under her war controls and rationed system of supply, possibly furnish many such goods? When Russians see millions of tons of grain and other products going to sustain Hitler's war machine, they must wonder what in the world Stalin is up to.

The Baltic and the Balkans

For another week, the war has mainly been fought in the offices of the diplomats. Negotiations between Finland and Russia have not been made public, but apparently Russia is asking for the right to erect substantial fortifications on various Finnish islands in the Baltic. A good deal of the heat seems to have gone out of the controversy and it now appears quite possible that some sort of acceptable compromise will be reached.

In the Balkans diplomacy is working at fever heat as it has so often done during the past century, and for the same reason—pressure from the great powers, with conflicting ambitions, upon the little ones. Rumania fears aggression from three directions: from Russia taking back Bessarabia, from Hungary taking back Transylvania and from Bulgaria taking back the Dobrudja. Probably the Rumanians now regret the greediness with which they seized territory in all directions immediately after the Great War. Italy, alarmed by the possibility of joint German-Russian action in the Balkans, is working feverishly to checkmate any such move. Instead of German-Russian collaboration in that area, however, it is just as possible that Stalin may be acting to halt Hitler's ambitions.

Doing a Little for the Refugees

It is hard to see just what was accomplished by President Roosevelt's great Washington conference on the refugee question, unless perhaps domestic political motives entered into it. Certainly, nothing was done that could not have been achieved in two hours by a group of experts, meeting in London or Paris. The conference decided to look into the possibility of settling refugees in Santo Domingo and the Philippines. To the latter may come some of the thousands of Jews now stranded in Shanghai; it is considered that they might serve as an offset to the large and growing Japanese population in the Islands. Other parts of the world are to be considered later, including South America and Australia.

Mr. Roosevelt upset the British and French by talking about "millions of refugees" who may need to be cared for. The French and British spokesmen promptly said that they intend to win the war, smash Hitler and solve the refugee problem by leaving the victims where they now are. The conference itself upset some American Jewish groups by not mentioning Palestine, which they say could accommodate at least another 2,000,000 immigrants. The overlying truth about the conference is that no country in the world wants more than a very few hand-picked refugees. As Thomas Mann points out in this issue of The New Republic, "The realization has not yet sufficiently penetrated the consciousness of this nation that a problem such as the influx of many thousands of immigrants is no longer to be solved individually but as mass work, as a whole. It is a question of directing these masses where they can perform useful tasks for themselves and for all—even if it be with partial and temporary modification of their right of self-location." Neither any individual country, nor the Inter-Governmental Committee, seems as yet prepared for such drastic thinking and action.

Those Minnesota Trials

Some rather queer trials have been taking place out in Minnesota. When WPA wages were cut on the first of last July, many workers on projects in Minneapolis were indignant, as were millions of other people all over the country. They went on strike and picketed their projects. Whether they used violence against non-striking workers is a point at issue in the trials that are now taking place; it is noteworthy that the hard-boiled Minneapolis police saw fit to arrest only nine people of whom three were let go and six received nominal fines. The federal authorities, however, decided that the pickets had violated the WPA law, which makes it an offense to interfere with the right of a relief worker to his job. They arrested about 140 persons, many of whom were imprisoned for a long period before they could raise bail.

The men are being tried in small groups; in the first case five out of eight were found guilty, in the second, three out of four, and the third trial was in progress as this issue of The New Republic went to press. Sentence has been deferred in all these cases; it could be as much as two years in prison and a $10,000 fine. Reports from Minnesota say that these trials rise out of the community sentiment against "radicals"; but the individuals thus far found guilty appear to be not leaders in any sense but rank-and-file WPA workers indignant because their wages were cut in a heartless fashion as the result of a political deal with the "economy bloc" in Washington. Three days in jail and a $5 fine would be ample punishment for anything any of them did.

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The Kiddies, God Bless Them

Just before the New York World's Fair closed, it held a special day for children. Those from the New York City public schools were admitted for five cents instead of fifty. The little darlings came in such quantities that the gates had to be opened, admitting them free, to avoid conditions around the turnstiles like the Black Hole of Calcutta. Thereupon, according to the unanimous report of the newspaper men, the children proceeded to wreck the Fair. They trampled all the flowers, smeared all the walls as high as they could reach, broke everything breakable in the exhibits. They climbed on statuary, pushed their elders to one side, got lost, fractured a few arms, spent all their money and had to beg carfare home. They were the Children of Today in the World of Tomorrow.

Censorship Item

A correspondent in Jamaica sent us what seems to have been a lively and amusing article on listening to the news from American radio stations. But the British colonial censor got busy with his scissors and cut out more than half of it—on the ground, we suppose, that the news from American radio stations would be bad for our tender ears.

News Notes of a Week

In the face of comment by British and French experts that it couldn't be done, Soviet Russia was said to be planning to send a million tons of grain to Germany as well as a million tons of soy beans from the Far East, the latter to be shipped by the Trans-Siberian Railway. . . . The Pope published his first Encyclical, in which he strongly attacked the totalitarian governments, although Italy seemed to be an exception. . . . Reports from Washington suggested that the Latin American private debt to the United States, 70 percent of which is in default, should be scaled down as a preliminary to large new credits. . . . In Prague the twenty-second anniversary of Czech independence was marked by widespread disturbances arising from protests against German occupation.

The United States Housing Authority announced plans for short-term loans to cover the cost of new buildings at a saving of about two percent. . . . A committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States once again attacked the National Labor Relations Board and demanded modification of the law. . . . It was predicted that Ham and Eggs, with its weekly pension of $30, would win in California, even though economists and bankers insist that the plan is unworkable. . . . Secretary Wallace forecast a third term for President Roosevelt and got the customary spanking from the White House secretariat. Shrewd third-term predictors now pad their trousers before making public their views.

Washington Witch-Hunt

THE DIES COMMITTEE, in publishing the list, including prominent government employees, which it obtained from files of the local chapter of the League for Peace and Democracy, has dramatized for all to see its irresponsible tactics of smearing. War hysteria has gone a long way in this country, but not far enough yet so that the indecency of this type of action is not perceived by many conservatives.

What is the argument of Chairman Dies, and what is the answer to it? Witnesses have charged the League with being that vague and undefined thing—a "Communist front." The Dies Committee gave publicity to their charges, with its own endorsement, some time ago. *Ergo*, everyone who still has anything to do with the League must somehow be tainted with communism, and deserves to be pilloried in public. This is particularly true of government officials. The general impression Mr. Dies is evidently trying to create is that the government bureaus are full of Communists. If they are discharged, that will please him; if not, he will have proved that the President is tainted too.

What are the facts? The League was formed some years ago under the name of the League Against War and Fascism. Plenty of good Americans are against war and fascism, and coöperated with the League for that reason. Communists had a hand in forming it, but so did non-Communist socialists and just plain liberals. This was in accord with the well advertised policy of the "popular front." The Communists announced that for the purpose of stemming the advance of fascism and avoiding war they would coöperate with all other democratic forces, sinking their revolutionary differences for the time being. They did so and were accepted as allies on that understanding by non-Communists who also wanted the same immediate objectives. This happened all over the world. In France a government was even formed on that basis. M. Daladier himself was a member of the popular front. There was no mystery and no plot about it.

The amount of influence exerted in the League by Communists is a matter of dispute. They certainly were zealous, as always, in attending its meetings and paying their dues. But there is no evidence that they used it for any purpose except that for which it was ostensibly formed. It is true that the League carried on, before the war, a good deal of agitation in favor of "collective security," which was at the time also the policy of the Soviet government. The New Republic was opposed to this policy. But we should never for a moment have suggested that all in favor of it were Bolsheviks in disguise. That would have been too absurd, in view of the fact that League of Nations advocates stemmed from Wilson and included, in other countries, people like Anthony Eden and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

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Many people joined the League without knowing that Communists had anything to do with it. Others knew, and didn't care, so long as the Communists would loyally coöperate in working for peace and democracy. Therefore, to publish a list of League members, with the implication that they must be either Communists or Communist sympathizers, is contemptible. And since the list also included many who were probably only on a mailing list, or who had at one time or another contributed to a democratic or pacifist cause, the action of Mr. Dies is beneath contempt.

The Flitting "City of Flint"

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND the annoyance of the Department of State at Ambassador Steinhardt's failure to learn what had happened to the "City of Flint" in Murmansk, a militarized Arctic port hundreds of miles from the Moscow embassy. But there is no reason to suppose this treatment was studied discourtesy, and much less than no reason to erect an international incident on this slender basis.

Mr. Steinhardt tried to telephone to the American crew in Murmansk and was cut off. He waited interminably for appointments at the Foreign Office. He was told that the information he wanted was not available. Such experiences are the common lot of foreigners in Russia, whether tourists for pleasure or business, whether friendly or hostile. They stem partly from the old penchant of Russian bureaucracy for doing endless inefficient paper work and making no decisions without higher authority. Partly they are the result of inadequate facilities of communication and badly organized administration. When, on top of this, there is placed the political terror which makes everyone keep a tightly closed mouth and act as little and as slowly as possible lest he do or say something that will cause him to be liquidated, any effort to learn the truth about an unfamiliar and embarrassing situation is bound to result in what looks to an American like ingeniously calculated obstruction.

What happened to the "City of Flint" is still obscure, but, no matter what happened, the contentions of our government in the matter are not clearly in the right. She apparently was loaded with contraband consigned to Britain. Such contraband may, under international law, be seized or destroyed by Britain's enemies. The ship herself may legally be captured if the contraband amounts to more than 50 percent of the cargo. If captured, she may be placed under a prize crew and taken to the country which seizes her. Any protest on our part is then considered by a prize court of the belligerent in question. Knowledge of the dangers facing our shipping in war zones led the administration to advocate a law keeping it out of danger, and this bill was on the point of being passed by Congress when the ship was captured. Thus the very capture which gave rise to the incidents in controversy occurred in the course of a voyage which is contrary to administration policy.

The uncertainty arises over the fact that the captors, instead of taking the ship directly to a German port, went into Soviet Russian waters at Murmansk. According to the Hague convention of 1907, ratified by both Germany and the Soviet Union, it was permissible to do this under Article 23. The ship may then be sequestered in this or any other port of the neutral "pending decision of a prize court." The United States, however, never ratified Article 23, but has held by a Supreme Court decision that a prize brought to a neutral port must be turned back to the owners. Under our version of international law, the only exception is the provision of Article 21 of the same treaty, which allows a prize to enter if forced by weather or in unseaworthy condition, but compels it to leave again as soon as the weather moderates or the trouble is repaired. If it fails to do so, then our argument is that the prize crew must be interned and the vessel returned to her owners.

Doubtless Germany expected to escape the British blockade by taking the "City of Flint" to Murmansk and keeping her there until the end of the war: prize courts are notoriously slow in rendering decisions. Under Article 23, recognized by both Germany and Russia but not by us, she might have done so. Apparently the Soviet authorities were in some uncertainty as to what to do. At first it was reported that they had interned the prize crew. This looked as if they were prepared to accept our version of the law and turn the vessel back to her owners under the American crew. But when we demanded that this be done, it was reported that the vessel was unseaworthy because of the absence of charts. This looked as if the authorities were expecting to apply Article 21. Subsequently it was announced that she had needed repairs to her machinery, and that she was being sent out again under the prize crew, the repairs having been made. If this is true, the Soviet government acted under a version of the law accepted by us.

Apparently the Department of State is raising the question as to whether it is true. Its official statement points to the conflicting reports, and to what it interprets as deliberate refusal to allow our ambassador to discover the facts at first hand. The case that Washington seems to be building up is that the steamer was not in reality unseaworthy and was not forced to put into Murmansk by anything except military necessity. In that event she should, according to our view, have been returned to us. The talk of damage and unseaworthiness Mr. Hull apparently believes was a pretext to keep the ship in the hands of her captors.

Actually, however, even if the State Department's suspicions should be proved true, the Soviet Union would have been under no clear obligation to turn the

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ship back to us or even to send her out with her prize crew as a possible prey to the British navy. Soviet officials could have stood pat under Article 23. The fact that they did not do so indicates that they are trying to avoid trouble with us. It may be that at the same time they were resorting to subterfuge in order to avoid trouble with the Reich. But it would be extremely impolitic of the President and the Secretary of State to work up too high a dudgeon on the basis of so uncertain a case. Meanwhile, we hope that prompt action by Congress in passing the cash-and-carry neutrality bill may prevent any future incidents of the same kind. If so, this one will not be important even as a precedent.

Silence in the Court

THERE ARE important free-speech implications in a recent case in California. Harry Bridges, the San Francisco labor leader whose name has been in the press so much of late, was keenly interested in a decision in a Los Angeles court regarding a dispute between two unions. He did not like this decision, and sent a telegram to Secretary Perkins protesting against it. Before doing so, he showed it to one of his associates. The California Supreme Court decided that this constituted "publishing" comment on the case. It held that the case was technically not completed, since the time limit within which a motion for appeal might have been filed had not expired. Mr. Bridges will therefore have to pay a fine of $125 for contempt of court.

This amount of money will not be fatal to his pocketbook, but the principle that it involves, carried far enough, might easily be fatal to American institutions. For many years, all kinds of courts all over the country have been trying to spread their authority to declare that contempt has taken place, and to fine or imprison persons who, they rule, have been guilty of such contempt. For an equal length of time, legislatures have been trying to establish the principle that contempt can be committed only in the actual, physical presence of the court, and also that reviews of such actions should be conducted by some other judge than the one who is himself involved. The California State Supreme Court, the same court which repeatedly refused to set Mooney and Billings free, has gone to the extreme limit of interpretation of the law to punish Harry Bridges, a man who is excessively unpopular with all California conservatives. Justice Douglas L. Edmonds, a member of the court, made a fine statement in his dissenting opinion:

> It is not necessary to the wholesome administration of justice in this state that judicial officers have uncontrolled discretion in passing upon alleged constructive contempts of court. The opportunity for arbitrary punishment often provides the occasion for it. Noise, interruptions, violence of any kind in the course of judicial proceedings must be repressed, obedience to all lawful orders must be enforced. To uphold its authority when challenged by such affronts to the judicial procedure, a court may and should summarily punish the offender. But indirect contempts, particularly publications in a newspaper, are entirely different in their nature and consequences.
>
> The rights of freedom of speech and of the press have their roots deep in the soil of this nation's organic law. Five days before the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, the patriots of Virginia declared in their constitution: "Freedom of the press is the great bulwark of all liberty. None but a despotic government would attempt to restrain it. If it be restrained all liberty fails." For more than a century and a half our nation has consistently upheld this right of expression by a free people as a vital principle which the founders of our national and state governments stated in the respective constitutions as necessary to a democracy.
>
> "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of the press." (Art. I, U. S. Const.) The positive scope of this guarantee was stated by Mr. Justice Harlan in the celebrated case of Patterson v. Colorado (205 U. S. 454) as follows: "I go further and hold that the privileges of free speech and of a free press, belonging to every citizen of the United States, constitute essential parts of every man's liberty. . . . It is, I think, impossible to conceive of liberty, as secured by the Constitution against hostile action, whether by the nation or by the states, which does not embrace the right to enjoy free speech and the right to have a free press." Similarly our state constitution ordains that "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." (Art. I, sec. 9, Calif. Const.)
>
> These provisions are binding upon the courts and no claims of judicial necessity can outweigh them. When free speech is fettered, liberty is a meaningless word.
>
> The judgment should be annulled.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Brumaire[1]

The Soviet Union as a Fascist State

THE POLITICAL EVOLUTION of the Soviet Union for the past twenty years has been observed with anxious attention in all countries where freedom of information, thought and expression is still permitted to exist. There has grown up a bias in favor of the Soviet Union, based upon the magnitude of the historic effort made there, which in many cases overrides serious disagreement with the basic theories of that effort. It has seemed to innumerable liberals and radicals that a special patience and understanding should be accorded that struggle to construct a socialist or socializing political economy in a country so huge, barbarous and ill suited to the experiment.

In the despair of the European masses, who have seen capitalism, democracy, Christianity and Marxian socialism alike ruinously incapable of solving the contradictions of their society and providing an equal and just freedom for the inhabitants of the earth, the solutions adopted by the Russian Revolution and its post-revolutionary regime have successively and often illogically represented the only hope discernible. I say successively and often illogically because in fact the Russian solutions have in the course of these twenty years also contradicted each other and objectively failed without shaking the faith of great numbers of people, workers and intellectuals, in the vitality and ultimately correct direction of the Russian effort. The faith to which I refer has been strong enough to withstand contemplation of the most horrifying and bloodthirsty terrorism of modern times because, and simply because, the end has seemed good.

The moral authority of international communism among workers and intellectuals of the Left—among non-communists—has been based upon this obstinate faith, and not upon the practical achievement or intellectual superiority of the communists. In fact, it is very easy to prove that a much greater economic development has been attained in America by quite different means; the fact is obvious. It is also easy to dispose of present-day communist pretensions to intellectual authority, since communist thought and expression are enslaved to tactical command and in no case present a free analysis. The moral authority of the international communist movement among radicals and liberals who did not belong to it has been, I believe, based upon a consideration of ends, and therefore existed—where it did exist—by virtue of a vote of confidence, an act of faith.

[1] This is the first of two articles by Vincent Sheean. In the issue containing the second one will appear an editorial indicating the extent to which the editors agree and disagree with Mr. Sheean.—THE EDITORS

Of faith in what? In the ends? But ends are nothing susceptible of present proof. In what, then, except the men who pursue those ends—and in their steadfastness, their just appreciation of historic force, their ability and their honesty? In that, and in the philosophic system they profess to serve, although, as I have said before, many who have honored the Soviet Union and hoped in it do not accept all of its basic theories. The Soviet effort, its ends and the men who pursue them, have all benefited by a purely emotional attraction in all parts of the world, and most of all by the aching void in the heart and soul of other systems. Throughout these twenty years the Soviet Union, by posing as "the socialist fatherland," has commanded a certain special loyalty among all those innumerable varieties of liberal and radical who were not communists but expected a good result from the Soviet effort internally and externally. To some degree radicals, whether workers or intellectuals, had two countries, their own and the Soviet Union; and the fact that most of them knew nothing whatever about the Soviet Union did not materially weaken their attachment to it in idea.

Meanwhile the Soviet Union itself has been steadily evolving in a sense which becomes evident only upon a retrospective view. Starting with equalitarian Jacobinism as its emotional power, Marxian socialism as its official philosophy and a handful of inexperienced intellectuals as the executants of the experiment, it traversed the period called "war communism" (the effort to "win socialism by assault") under Lenin and Trotsky and then subsided into the New Economic Policy, a modified form of private capitalism under state control, aiming at state capitalism rather than outright socialism. The debates upon whether the aim was "state capitalism" or "state socialism" showed, at this period, the beginnings of a Bolshevik scholasticism which was afterwards to reach fantastic development.

After the downfall of Trotsky in 1927, his program of industrialization was taken over by the victors and promulgated in the first Five Year Plan (1928-33), which was pushed through to a qualified success by means of the most tyrannical control of every worker in Russia. The second Five Year Plan carried the process further, and passed from heavy industry to consumers' goods, for which an immense population—impoverished by years of war and revolution—had to be reëducated in the name of "culture" before they knew that they even wanted consumers' goods. A program of collectivization in agriculture was enforced from 1931 onwards by means of the most ghastly sacrifices, in which six or seven million peasants are be-

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lieved to have died of starvation in the Ukraine alone. This industrialization and this collectivization are, in actual fact, the achievements of the Soviet regime, and upon their solidity and permanence must be based any claim which the regime may have to historic consideration as a socialist advance. When all the smoke has blown away—say in twenty or thirty or forty years—this may indeed prove to be a solid achievement.

But the course of the political evolution has in fact been the central phenomenon. No reflective person outside the Soviet Union assumes that it is necessary to murder millions of people to produce an industrialization program. It would not have been necessary in the Soviet Union under a different political development. Nor is it necessary to enforce agrarian collectivization in a way which brings about the death of six million people from starvation. These monstrous sacrifices have been entailed by the haste, waste and inefficiency of a terrorized bureaucracy operating under naked political control—that is, under the orders of power unrestrained and irresponsible, concentrated more and more into the hands of a single man. In the political field the development of the tyranny of that one man, by successive phases from 1927 to 1939, has abolished every vestige of Soviet democracy and even of democracy inside the Russian Communist Party, has solidified the new social classes and expropriated the workers—immensely increased in number by industrialization—for the benefit of the state, bureaucracy and army, the precise organisms which it was the aim of the Russian Revolution to suppress. Every vital principle of socialism from Marx to Lenin has been, it seems to me, vitiated, perverted or ignored. To this process from 1927 to 1939, as it is seen in retrospect, I apply the description intended in revolutionary literature by the word Thermidor. Stalin's Thermidor —drawn out over twelve years—is now at last completed, and this month, October, 1939, is his Brumaire.

All socialist thought since Marx has been haunted by the dread of Thermidor and Brumaire. The ninth Thermidor, Year II, in the French Revolutionary calendar, was the date (July 27, 1794) when the terror was halted and with it the Revolution, giving way to a progressively moderating development under new masters. The eighteenth Brumaire, five years later (November 9, 1799), was the *coup d'état* of Napoleon Bonaparte which ended the French Republic and established the successful general as First Consul.

Such developments have been considered dangerously probable by all socialist theoreticians including Marx, Engels, Lenin, Rosa Luxemburg, Trotsky and Stalin himself. What has confused observers of the Stalinist Thermidor through its long, cautious evolution is, in part, the terror, which increased instead of decreasing after 1927, and in fact reached its peak of wholesale carnage only last year; and in part also the fact that Stalin's political course—by zigzags to the Left and zigzags to the Right—is concealed under expert mystifications which make its significance apparent only after its results are irremediable.

Historic analogies, so dear to the Bolshevik theorists, are not actually of much use except in simplification for the cultural illiterates who accept communist tutelage. Obviously there is no resemblance of nature between the tyrant Stalin and the tyrant Bonaparte, and there is little resemblance of historic circumstance between October, 1939, and the eighteenth Brumaire. What is a constant factor, and can be used, is the significance of these words, Thermidor and Brumaire, in revolutionary ideology. Taking Thermidor to be the process of arrest-and-reverse of the revolutionary machine—and ignoring its effect on the terror, which is a circumstance incident to revolutions and not inherent at a particular stage—and Brumaire to be its consummation in a personal tyranny, I believe it is now clear that the first process has been completed and the second begun. Ignoring every precept of revolutionary thought from Robespierre through Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky and even his earlier self, Stalin has, as a personal dictator of an enslaved and terrorized state, embarked upon a militarist expansion the end of which cannot be seen by any person now living. This is therefore a fantastic dialectical abuse, and is the exact kind of policy reprobated by Lenin under the name of adventurism. The end, which was to have justified the means, has in fact exposed the hideousness of the means, and at this tremendous corner in human history we must all look back—since we cannot see around the corner—and evaluate. Readers of Dante must be reminded at this stage of the poet's halt in a high place, when Virgil says to him:

> Volgi gli occhi in giue:
> buon ti sarà, per tranquilar la via,
> veder lo letto delle piante tue.

What are the results of the twelve years' Thermidor inside the Soviet Union? A measure of industrialization and of agrarian collectivization has been achieved at the cost of millions of lives; the workers have lost every liberty hitherto known to man, and can choose neither their place, times nor kinds of work; they cannot organize, strike or protest in any way; the prison and the knout are installed in factory and collective farm. Their compensations (such as they are) are of a purely fascist nature, consisting in the psychological and social delusions of the mass meeting, chauvinism, competitive sacrifice and self-congratulation. In the socialist realm, in economy, what is the objective result of such a cruelly intensified development? Quite plainly this: that surplus value, which is the very center and meaning of the Marxian socialist system, has been brutally augmented by all the capitalist devices hitherto discovered, applied with ruthless force to a helpless

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proletariat, and expropriated to the uses of a bureaucratic state and army which thus constitute a new class of expropriators. The human and economic waste has been colossal, more, probably, than any nation has ever known in twenty years of its history; and the enslavement of the proletariat and peasantry, which no longer have even the right of movement from one part of the same district to another, is without parallel in the records of mankind. It would be difficult to imagine how the Marxian effort at socialist reconstruction could have gone further astray.

This economic enslavement has been promoted by a prolonged terroristic repression which, attacking first the *ancien régime*, then non-Communist forces of the Left, then obstructionists in industry and agriculture, and later all the Bolsheviks, whatever their rank in the party hierarchy, who dared to protest, has now generalized itself into a machine for striking down anybody who in any way displeases the master of all power or those whom he temporarily trusts to do his bidding. This process, like the counter-revolutionary economic and social program, has been gradual—so gradual that for a long time it could be minimized as historically necessary or incidental. Its essential character has, when we examine it over the twelve years of Stalin's Thermidor, been that of the struggle of one man to achieve and retain absolute power.

At first he struggled by means of party organization and intrigue—striving, by appointments, dismissals, organizational manipulations, to discredit his opponents and strip them of influence. Later, when the machinery of terror had passed completely under his control, he extended the death penalty to an indefinite multitude of offenses and applied it *from the age of twelve*. Thus he was able, in the last phase—that which began in 1936 and is just now ended—to exterminate the vestiges of independence inside the Russian Communist Party by shooting all elements that showed any sign of thought, and to replace them by political and cultural illiterates who would accept without question any dictum, however absurd, of the mightiest of all Tsars. The directors of Cheka and Ogpu, succeeding each other by murdering their predecessors, created a system of espionage and lightning punishment which deprived all correspondence, conversation and discussion of their privacy, obliterated the last traces of critical vitality and sent millions of Russians by one route or another to oblivion. The *oubliette* is the most exact figure, indeed, for the last phase of the terror, since the Munich agreement in September, 1938; for during the past year the victims of the terror have not even received trials, however farcical. They have simply vanished off the face of the earth, and none dares question why or how. Among them were many of the most unscrupulous servants Stalin ever possessed; and among them, also, were some of the sincerest and most devoted revolutionaries who ever lived.

In the intellectual sphere, Stalin's Thermidor has deadened activity but claimed as its own any incidental achievement that might have been attained by individual talent and work. Thus the whole of history has been falsified, the earlier socialist and communist works outlawed, a new version of "Leninism" prepared and forced upon the semi-literate mass; philosophical teaching and in the end even scientific teaching have been put under tactical orders; and yet any noteworthy "stunts," like Pavlov's experiments or the Polar flights of the aviators, have been claimed, by a fantasy of self-congratulation, as Soviet achievements. It is well known that Professor Pavlov was a bitter anti-Bolshevik and never ceased throughout his life to complain of the regime in Russia, and it is high time that somebody said so in print. He and other "heroes" of the regime have been, as often as not, prisoners of it, and speculation can only boggle at the thought of what they have suffered in attempting to work under such conditions.

The gradual but progressive solidification of Stalinism and its succinct eventual characterization as a counter-revolutionary and anti-socialist regime akin to fascism, have been accompanied by the inevitable deification of the dictator. This began on a large scale in 1929. Since then millions of statues, portraits and effigies of the dictator have been installed throughout the Soviet Union, his name has been given to many towns and villages, factories and farms, his personal existence (birthdays, etc.) hieratically impressed upon the people in Tsarist or Fascist style, and his august person surrounded by such sickening adulation as only a Roman emperor could have accepted. This was a logical (and perhaps, in origin, tactical) development of the mummification of Lenin. Lenin himself was violently opposed to any such nonsense about individual leaders, particularly of a materialist revolution. Krupskaya, his widow, once remarked in 1927 that if Lenin were alive now he would be in prison. Alive or dead, he is in fact in prison—in the prison of Stalinist fascism, the negation of everything he meant in life.

In a succeeding article I shall discuss Stalinist foreign policy and enumerate the reasons why radical and liberal opinion, however deeply disturbed and apprehensive over the successive steps in this twelve-year Thermidor, has on the whole reserved a special patience and understanding for the Soviet Union. In my own case, these two articles will constitute the first criticism I have ever made of the Soviet Union, and the first time I have been willing to discuss Stalin (or even, in fact, to mention him) in print. The present Bonapartist development, which points to a partition of Europe, and perhaps not only of Europe, between Stalinism and its blood-relative in Germany, has made any such "wait-and-see" attitude impossible henceforth. We have waited and we have seen. Thermidor is over.

Now it is Brumaire.

VINCENT SHEEAN

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Is There "Another Germany"?

ON THE SECOND DAY of the new European world war English planes sprinkled six million leaflets over Germany. These leaflets said in substance: "We haven't a thing against the German people. We fight only against Hitler and Hitlerism. Your leader is a criminal and a liar. He got you into a war which you can't possibly win. Incidentally, England is ready to make peace with any honestly peace-loving German government."

Thus the British in 1939 took up where they left off in 1918. As the propaganda of the last war tried to dissociate the German people from the Kaiser, the propaganda of this war tries to dissociate them from Hitler. The ultimate aim in either case is to overthrow the existing regime in Germany and to shorten the war by breaking German unity.

The British leaflets not only speak practically the same language as those of 1918; they also presume the existence of "another Germany," ashamed of the nationalist megalomania of the Nazis, a Germany which views with horror a policy built on the right of the strong and which would turn humanitarian at a moment's notice. It is to this Germany that British propaganda is addressed.

Ludendorff says in his memoirs that British propaganda decided the outcome of the last war. Adolf Hitler, quite an expert on political propaganda, calls the British propaganda in Germany "genial." Yet the Germany of 1939 is decidedly not the Germany of 1914. Since the effectiveness of propaganda depends a good deal on a realistic sizing up of the people to whom it is addressed, the question presents itself: Is there any "other Germany"? And how real is it in terms of power?

For six years we were told by columnists that Germany was on the verge of revolt. Masked gentlemen thrilled New York audiences with tales of an underground movement among German workers. A secret society of conservative nature, said to include army officers, high officials, clergymen and practically the whole Nazi hierarchy short of the Führer himself, was featured in many newspapers here. Such reports fit beautifully into the wish-fulfilment dreams of foes of the Nazi regime. The broadcasts from mysterious stations and the distribution of subversive literature in Germany prove that there is something to the movement. Whether its strength and importance ever warranted the space it fills in our imagination is another question. However that may be, the Russo-German pact dealt a deathblow to the underground movement from the Right as well as from the Left. The secret radio station which has up to now talked the Comintern lingo can't very well debunk Hitler while boosting Stalin. Former Communists will probably find the Nazi Party the next best thing to the Communist Party, and join.

As for the much advertised underground movement from the Right, it can't profit much from the pact either. Strange as it may seem, a Russo-German rapprochement is popular among conservatives. It is favored by the German diplomats, who inherited from Bismarck the "nightmare of coalitions." It delights the army, which feared nothing more than having to fight on western and eastern fronts at once. It pleases the industrialists, who want to be saved from communism but like to do business with the Russians.

There is much grumbling in the Third Reich, but the Germans grumble readily under any regime. On the whole it must be said that Hitler has captured the imagination of the people, and especially of the young, to an unbelievable extent. The average German feels that Hitler not only dreams his dreams but, through prodigious luck and great circumspection, is going to make them come true. Napoleon captured the imagination of the French this way; despite Waterloo and St. Helena, the French hugged the Napoleon legend for a century.

By careful estimate 95 percent of the German youth between eighteen and thirty years of age are behind Hitler. The other five percent are the intellectuals who feel that important knowledge shared by the rest of the civilized world is withheld from them in schools and universities, and who are bored with the schematism of Nazi doctrine. To the 95 percent, whose memories hold little of the Weimar Republic except defeat, inflation and unemployment, the Nazi revolution is a glorious adventure.

The historian Preysig once wrote that the German people wish to "live history as a heroic epic" and that this was the cause of their many mistakes. This is indeed true of young Germans today. Trusting Hitler's leadership as they do, they will not be impressed by British leaflets.

It is different with the Germans between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, who had ideals before the Nazis came into power. Among them are still liberals who wish to live in peace with the rest of the world. Yet more and more of these Germans seem to fall under the spell of the Nazi revolution. They are carried away by Hitler's great luck and the dynamism of German life. The same people who said skeptically in 1933: "Hitler can't do miracles any better than Brüning did," say in 1939: "Hitler is the greatest statesman Germany ever had."

There is another reason why British leaflets will hardly succeed in setting Germans against the regime.

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Between the leaflets of the last war and those of this lies the peace of Versailles. Even the Germany of the Weimar Republic never got over the feeling that this peace had let them down, and that consequently it had been a mistake to trust the promises of Allied propaganda.

It should be remembered that even in the last war it took Germany more than two years of privation before she fell for British propaganda. At that time the German upper class was still firmly rooted in a tradition of envious admiration for the English, and from the Kaiser down, everybody wanted to be a "gentleman." Yet it was not until defeat was in the cards that Germans decided they were on the wrong side of the tracks, while on the right side were all the nice bourgeois nations which spoke the language of liberalism and were rich in the bargain.

This time the Germans don't feel on the wrong side of the tracks. For one reason, they conclude from the way Wilson's Fourteen Points ended up in the Treaty of Versailles that even in the democracies the real liberals have a say only so long as things are in a promissory stage, and that in the long run business is conducted by the strong men. And as for the upper class of the Third Reich, the type of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin—the strong-man type—has superseded the ideal of the English gentleman. It would be difficult to find a young man in Germany today who wants to be another Anthony Eden. Moreover, what with unemployment and continuous crises, the democracies do not handle their own affairs any too well, in the eyes of the average German. For him bourgeois capitalism no longer holds much allure. Even the Germans who don't like it believe that totalitarianism is the state of the future.

The average German feels that by right of the vitality of his people and the geographic position of his country, Germany should dominate Middle and Eastern Europe. He resents the western powers for making such a fuss about this matter. Even if he does not like Hitlerism, he likes what he expects Hitler to get for him.

These are the main reasons why it will be difficult to propagandize the "other Germany." Another reason is more technical. In the last war German censorship was pretty lax. From 1916 on, the liberal and socialist press criticized the Kaiser, the High Command and the bad food, and held before readers an alluring picture of "peace without victory." Private communications between soldiers in the trenches and their relatives at home showed even less restraint. Hitler says in "Mein Kampf" that Lord Northcliffe did less to demoralize the army than the letters they got from their wives. It is a safe bet that little subversive sentiment of this kind will get around this time.

So far, the "other Germany" is an illusion. Only defeat and the complete collapse of the Nazi regime could bring it to the fore again. Proof of the military and economic superiority of the Allies might convince the Germans that the democracies are still going strong. Whether such "another Germany" *faute de mieux* would carry much influence with a defeated Germany which might have merged its brown revolution with the red one of Russia is another question.

Successful war propaganda in Germany must face a few facts: one of them is that this propaganda has to deal with a people estranged from liberal ideals by six years of a rather successful revolution. Another is that the German people can't easily be alienated from a regime that gives them a tremendous sense of collective power. The third is that offers to make an honorable peace with a "peaceful German government" ar too reminiscent of the propaganda of the last war, which led to the Treaty of Versailles.

Thus the best that can be said of the chance of propagandizing the "other Germany" is that it can be done effectively only after the Allies have won. It will do nothing to shorten the war. It might influence the peace. But that is another story. R. G. WALDECK

Lens

THE NEWSREEL has most of its fun when it plays its jokes on the poor dumb witless victims of some "occasion" or other. The lens vacuates at them, and records what they feel and say and do in moments of high spirits; and later the film is shown at movie houses and the audience shares the joke, child-cruel and thoughtless.

A stock subject is the old folks' reunion, or a gathering of veterans of some time-rosy-draped war, some occasion which brings old, old men and old women together again and sheds over them the seasonal sanction of memory, so that they live again in a kind of antic rehearsal of realities which so long ago spurred them through life and made them what they are today, on the merciless screen.

Someone is sure to be invited, and someone is sure to undertake, to show that there's life in the old fool yet.

It takes many trivial forms.

But they all mean the same thing.

A parade of veterans marching in some city street, the buildings government-white behind them, and they, the wispy rattling warriors, ricketing down the angle of the lens, wearing the old uniforms that were made for other bodies; and bearing flags that were made for other but scarcely less cruel battles; and inflamed by compulsions proper to other hearts, the hearts of young men, sworn to action, which is most of all what they have to give. The camera will show those sucked-in old mouths, and old eyes that are probably wet with suffering. It must be a great precarious adventure for an old rattly man to join a parade and march as he never marched before, that is, lacking the stamina to do it

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without effort. But the more enfeebled the condition, the more the will drives it to prodigies.

And it is this which the camera loves to joke about, and the audience to laugh at, indulgently, really, as the hale laugh at the ailing, in a mood of affectionate and sympathetic self-congratulation.

The old veterans will be lined up and made to salute, as they did grandsons ago in smoky American battlefields, which in the dream of good times were nothing but hazy farms blue-distant in the pumpkin-rich fall. The old men will ape the fierceness proper to warriors, the sharp essence of comedy, the misplaced propriety, the hilarious pathos of the retired tiger.

Or maybe it will be an old folks' picnic somewhere, in a grove of trees, peaceful and tacky, with weather-gray benches and long board tables—where the eats are set. In the afternoon, the newsreel man will pick out the oldest couples there, and also any sets of twins that might survive together, an almost abstract achievement of life, and ask them to cut capers before the vacant lens whose power lies in its absence of opinion; its ability to record exactly what it is that folks do, without making it better, and without making it worse, either of which would supply grounds of comfortable doubt.

The oldest married couple present will indulge the convention of their estate by kissing in front of the camera; they will serely touch together what once enlivened them, and strive by all primitive dramatic means to make lively reference to the prodigy of an old man and an old woman who have some of their pep left, by heck. They wink and ogle, and perhaps skip a step or two; their bones shocked out of harmony so that they jerk. They probably have not thought of love for years and years; until they are cajoled by the picnic, the leafy trees, the spirit-donation of crowds of their kind, and the intoxicating agent of publicity, the whirring camera fame that will last three minutes; and so persuaded they yield mimic love.

It is poor because it is pathetically honest, this tribute, however rude its means and purpose, to the thing once actually dear, then dear in recollection.

After the antique love-making, the very husk of life, someone is sure to set loose the mosquito-sing of an old-time fiddler; and the Way will return to the shanks of some turkey-sparse old man; and he will grab his cuffs and count a few measures with his toothless mouth, and nodding, and knowing tremors of enchantment and unbelievable prowess, he will suddenly whap the dust in a jig; he'll slap hell out of that patch of the picnic ground; the fiddle squeaks, and the old crowd clap in time, and the camera drinks in light and shadow, hopping and strutting, cutting to the right and dipping to the left; an old man making fun of being old, remembering what the dance is for, trying to find out how catastrophically spry he still is, scaring his relatives to death, and acting out a joke for the most impersonal means of human record ever devised.

I very often flash along in thought to the conclusions of such scenes—what happens when the camera is through; the gray and white mimicry has changed to another subject, but what happens, in the blooded world, among those whom we have just seen, say, dancing a painful jig at an old folks' picnic? I can see the corner-drugstore and beauty-parlor chic of the grandchildren enormously offended by the idiotic rehearsals their grandpa has made at the picnic, the obverse of the unsympathy with which the movie audience will laugh. I think of the scornful and bitter judgments of other old men at the picnic, who're too old in both heart and joint to make such spectacles of themselves. I can see grandpa himself, exhilarated beyond control by his triumph, suddenly stricken in his watering blue eye when the cameraman says that's enough now. I can imagine the sunlight flickering through the leaves and resting on the old dust of grandpa's kicks and hops until the dust drifts back silent to ground. Grandpa will look around and sharply nod as if to confirm what he has just done; he will feel heroic; also thirsty; also rueful, having forgotten how soon even in youth the quivering delights of excellence before his fellows calm away in the melting of time. If he has someone to take care of him, he will be fussed over and at, which he will repudiate; just as likely as not, I think, about an hour later, he will know some curious bulging fumble in his breast, and lose his breath in an astonishment of pain; then he may feel suddenly sweet and triumphant and ever so much better than he has for years. He may get home just fine. Whether it gets him that night or next year isn't so much the point as that he will never be the same again, and that once more life in its demands for proofs of its own dearness has exacted the toll of utmost effort, the quality of donation, so long as there is life; and it is that which renders the watchers, whether in grove or movie house, immune from the tragic sense; complacent before comedy, insensitive as children to the risky well-being of the aged.

PAUL HORGAN

The Measure

Now frail the flower and strong the weed;
The shaggy vine sprawls on the ledge;
The spider's rope, the bearded seed
Float on still air to strike the hedge.

In space, magnetic pull and ray
Have made earth stagger and turn back;
But here the blue grape points the way
A planet keeps its curving track.

Not as we bind the stalk and sheaf
The abstract tasks of sky are done;
Yet at my door the shriveled leaf
Measures the long step of the sun.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

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Washington Notes

Thorkelsonianism

TO ITS MILD SURPRISE, the House finds that it contains a party of the Right, composed exclusively of Representative Jacob Thorkelson of Montana. His latest exploit was to print in The Congressional Record a letter supposedly written by the late Colonel E. M. House from the British Consulate in New York to Mr. Lloyd George in London. In conversation, Dr. Thorkelson reveals a generally sensible view of the world. The only really odd thing about his world is that it contains a conspiratorial group of international financiers, mostly Jewish in faith and communist in principles, who are trying to subvert the American Constitution and drag us into the European war.

The House-Lloyd George letter has since been established as a wry-humored, Irish-American fake. Dr. Thorkelson says it was sent him by the Washington Publishing Company of Bremerton, Washington. The price set by the publishers was $2.50, but Dr. Thorkelson, as a member of Congress, got his copy free. Since it seemed like a valuable document, he thought that people who couldn't pay $2.50 a copy ought to know about it, and that is why he put it in The Congressional Record. He is embarrassed about it now. He still believes, however, that if Colonel House had ever been in the British Consulate, and had simultaneously been seized by a desire to write Mr. Lloyd George, the letter expresses about what he would have said.

Such importance as Dr. Thorkelson has, comes from the suspicion, widely expressed here, that he is the first member of Congress to be elected by American fascists and nazis. He denies this, and I am prepared to believe him. My guess is that he is the true-blown representative of Thorkelsonianism, and nothing else. His considerable commerce with fascists and nazis, however, gives a curious view of their movement.

He was born in Norway, and went to sea as a boy. He is now sixty-three, and looks as if invented by Joseph Conrad, crinkled eyelids, raw-beef-colored complexion, enormous chest, fists like capstans. He has a heavy Scandinavian accent. He served, a half-century ago, in the last of the square-riggers. Becalmed in the South Atlantic on one voyage, he subsisted on boiled sea-boots and flying fish, caught with the ship's bucket.

When the Spanish-American war was declared, Dr. Thorkelson was in Norfolk, Virginia, and enlisted in the American navy. His chief exploit seems to have taken place during the home-coming celebration for Admiral Dewey in New York harbor. He was in command of a converted yacht, the "Siren," and his crew was solidly Virginian. As the ships moved up the Hudson River, the program called for a salute as they passed Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. The crew of the "Siren" announced in advance that they would, if necessary, fight the whole United States fleet, but they wouldn't salute a Yankee general. Although then unnaturalized, Thorkelson conducted frenzied propaganda on behalf of Americanism, and the salute was fired. He reënlisted in the navy in 1917, but saw no active service. He is now a lieutenant-commander in the Naval Reserve.

In Butte, Dr. Thorkelson has become an unremitting joiner of fraternal lodges. A devotee of the Constitution, which he knows as medieval monks knew the Bible, he has been in great demand as a speaker. His fame brought an invitation from the Silver Shirts of a nearby town. As he describes it, he was met at the station by two middle-aged, undersized Blue Shirts, who declared that they were to be his bodyguard, and that the meeting was to be held behind bolted doors. As you may have gathered, Dr. Thorkelson is as sensitive to physical fear as a bull elephant, and decided that the Silver Shirts were, to use his own words, "a lot of hooey."

However, he seems to have enchanted his Silver Shirt audience, and word was sent ahead to Mr. William Dudley Pelley, the organization's head, that a man of the Silver Shirts' own kind was at last to be elected to Congress. Mr. Pelley printed a thick pamphlet of Dr. Thorkelson's speeches. It had colored covers, however, which wounded the author deeply. It makes the pamphlet look like a Western-story magazine, and isn't dignified. In Washington, he was called upon by Mr. Pelley, and, according to Dr. Thorkelson, they quarreled over anti-Semitism. "I tell Pelley, 'don't fight the Jews,'" Dr. Thorkelson relates, "'get something clean that the people can believe in.'"

Dr. Thorkelson says that it is true, of course, that many members of the great international, financial, communist conspiracy are Jews, but he doesn't see why, because of the misdeeds of "three or four hundred of them," the rest should be penalized. Mr. Pelley tried to instruct him in the crude hard practicalities of leading a fascist movement, a talk that seems to have impressed Dr. Thorkelson most unpleasantly. He says he still feels sympathy for Mr. Pelley, however; that no one knows how he is being persecuted.

Later Dr. Thorkelson was visited by Mr. Deatherage, chief of the White Camellias, an interview that seems to have turned out no more happily. In contrast, Dr. Thorkelson was delighted by Major General George Van Horn Moseley, and volunteered to accompany him at his hearing before the Dies Committee last summer. He is fearful that the General is being misled by his associates.

This writer is far from certain he has grasped the true Thorkelsonianism. While the international, financial, communist conspiracy is, of course, a bad business, the real evil that besets America—if I understand Dr. Thorkelson—comes from the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution, providing for the direct election of Senators. Dr. Thorkelson has brooded long upon the founding fathers, and says, with complete historical accuracy, that they did not intend to create a pure democracy—on the contrary, they labored to place checks on the popular will, of which the most important was a Senate remote from the voters. Dr. Thorkelson is dedicated to combating the evil tendencies that the Seventeenth Amendment unloosed.

The struggle that has been in progress for about a month above the undefended body of the National Labor Relations Board is extremely complex. At least in my opinion, it is childish to pass hasty judgments on the motives of the embattled Dr. Leiserson and the Messrs. Madden and Smith. It is easy to say that quarreling should not take place while the Board is under attack by the Smith investigating com-

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mittee and in disfavor with both the AFL and the CIO. Yet a row within the Board was probably inevitable, and until it has been fought out and internal unity regained, the Board cannot hope to protect itself. A curious sign of the new times that have arrived in Washington is that no resolution condemning the Dies Committee was passed by the recent CIO convention at San Francisco. A year ago at Pittsburgh an anti-Dies resolution was passed by acclamation; this year at San Francisco it was rejected by the convention's leaders.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Waiting for the Boom

IT IS PERHAPS a tribute to the durability of the human spirit that in its normal state it is under the dominion of optimism. We must be optimistic. And if we cannot keep our optimism going on one kind of gasoline we quickly shift to another. Thus the war-boom spirit of six weeks ago is now transforming itself into a home-boom spirit.

With the coming of war, prices rushed upward and orders poured into certain of our industries. People began to buy goods in retail stores and retailers began to buy them from wholesalers and wholesalers began to order them from factories. Wheat flew upward and so did meat. The war was generally supposed to produce prosperity and here was war and so we must have a war boom.

But now it is dawning on people all over that the orders in the factories are not from the warring nations. They are from American buyers. War orders have not developed. And they will probably be a bit slow in developing. And so almost without being aware of it, what started out to be a war boom has become a domestic boom and everybody seems to be immensely pleased with it.

It has one flaw—perhaps not a fatal one, but a flaw. A good part of it, while not based on war orders, is based on the expectation of war orders. It is based on the expectation of a boom. And so domestic concerns, convinced that a war boom was just around the corner, hurried to get in ahead of its rising prices. And so they helped to create what was accepted as a war boom. Now if the war boom does not develop quickly, what will support the home boom?

The steel industry out in the Chicago area thinks that the orders that have flowed into it, from whatever source and cause, are sufficient to keep it firing until the end of the first quarter of next year. By that time they think the war orders will be coming along. If they don't, then what?

The above explanation, however, covers only a part of the present activity. The other part of it is covered by government expenditures. It must be kept in mind that the government has been pouring out money in the last three months upon an enormous scale—a scale greatly increased over last year. The government has spent $233,000,000 more in the first three months and a half of this fiscal year than in the same time last year. The deficit is $300,000,000 more than it was last year. And what is more, this money has been spent in a way to make a greater impression on the heavy industries than last year. The increase in spending has not been in the WPA, which has fallen off $230,000,000. WPA expenditures went chiefly for labor, the much smaller fraction for materials like cement and lumber and paint. But the expenditures now being made go heavily into steel. Much greater sums are going into national defense and into PWA projects. There is an increase of about $200,000,000 in the PWA and in national-defense outlays. And, what is more, there is no way of guessing how much WPA money is now going into defense projects.

There has also been a pick-up in railroad-equipment orders and in machine tools for certain manufacturing industries, which will account for some of the activity. And then of course all this comes at a season of the year when there is a normal increase in business activity anyway. But no one can say whether the boom, as it is called, will outlast the new year. We shall have to have data on the precise character of the existing orders before we can have an intelligent opinion of that.

I have had some finger-shaking at me because of what has happened to United States bonds. A lady customer says sorrowfully: "You induced me to buy United States bonds. I put $1,100 into United States bonds last spring and now they are worth $1,030, or $70 less. That wipes out the yield for two years or more." I hope no one bought any United States bonds on my assurance that they would not go down. I most certainly never gave anybody such an assurance because I have believed that their descent from their high levels was inevitable. And furthermore I am wondering when I ever advised anyone to buy United States bonds or anything else. I try studiously to keep away from giving specific investment advice. The drop in United States bonds was bound to come. The banks have been crowded with Treasury paper. They are bound to get rid of some of their government obligations. It just isn't good banking to have so much. And of course the only thing they can sell are the bonds rather than the Treasury notes.

This has forced on the market a larger flood of bonds than it could absorb. And, as a matter of fact, the prices would have slipped down very much more seriously if the United States Treasury had not used the good old Wall Street device of pegging the prices by buying to the extent of over $300,000,000. Bonds like the Treasury's 4¼'s of 52-47, which were as low as $98.10 in 1923, had risen to $122 this year in the early summer. They lost $9 this fall, slumped down to $113 and would have gone perhaps a good deal lower but for government support. They have recovered somewhat. I have written many times here and elsewhere that one of the elements of weakness in bank portfolios was the presence of huge quantities of government paper, which exposed some banks to having their entire capital wiped out if bonds ever got around to an adjustment in price, and that this adjustment was inevitable. There are, I think, only two or three issues that yield as high as two and one-half percent, while a majority yield under two percent and some less than one percent.

I do not want to be understood as advising anyone against investing in government bonds. I merely want to disclaim ever having set up in this department as an adviser to anyone on his investment problems. JOHN T. FLYNN

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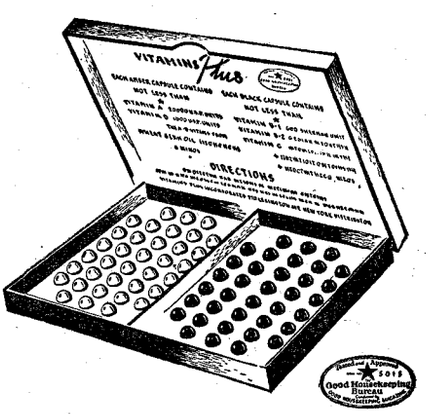

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Two and One to Carry

THOSE WITH ENERGY for bucking the three-to-four hours of killing traffic it takes to get to, through and clear of a Broadway musical comedy (designed by some horrible misconception for the business man who is tired), will find "Too Many Girls" the least tired thing in quite a while. It is fairly well studded with the kind of show people who can sign their names in light bulbs, which no doubt has something to do with its success; but it has a quality of its own that is very rare in this field of aimless extravagance, lights, legs and little else. George Marion Jr.'s book is above average; Lorenz Hart's lyrics are as bright as brass. But the main reason for its modest but infectious air of gayety seems to be George Abbott, who produced, directed and picked the cast.

You will see a lot more about their talent in the gossip and review columns than you will on this stage, but at any rate the names on the production staff did their work without cramping the show itself (Richard Rodgers, Jo Mielziner, Raoul Pène Du Bois, Robert Alton). Even Diosa Costello, as the inevitable ball of fire from the tamale belt, shook the same things in the same insistent way without breaking up the united front for good sense and talent of the cast in general. I liked Eddie Bracken and Mary Jane Walsh best for natural grace and stage wit, but it is such a well tempered company that you can have any favorites you choose. It is about love and football, "Give It Back to the Indians," etc. (it is the tune-deaf who suppose that there are songs in the show; outside of a steady-going arrangement, it's all in the words and who's behind them). And for once it is a musical comedy that stays in one theatre piece—just another of Mr. Abbott's happy evenings.

Abel Gance's "That They May Live!" is a French anti-war picture that was finished too late for France, where it can't be shown now. It is the story of the man who could raise the dead, the man in this case being an embittered survivor of Verdun whose obscure researches have enabled him to rally the men under the old war crosses to defeat the new war. It is a big theme and its excursion into the supernatural has big dramatic possibilities. As some of these are realized and as the subject gives it almost newsreel interest today, it will have audiences.

As a film it is a mess, partly for reasons over which it may have had no control—such as poor mounting and primitive sound effects—but partly for reasons you should have control of before you can get a license to carry a camera: the story and its treatment. The opening war incidents lack character sense to the point of being maudlin; the confusion of the main body of the story can be no more than a small part intentional; and the climax brings in such trick effects as only a 16-mm. beginner would aim at and miss so completely. The interest that is there, the several gripping effects actually achieved, are mostly thanks to Victor Francen as a main figure of unshakable dignity. For the rest, coming so long after Mèliés, a cause may serve as a good excuse but cannot itself be served by any such serenely humorless bungling of its statement.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Dr. Dafoe says quintuplets do not know Canada is at war. – *From the news index of The New York Herald Tribune.*

An honest man never fears rules which say that he must be honest.

But brokerage and investment banking are not satisfied with the SEC. – *From the Along Wall Street Department of The New York Times.*

Infantile Leftism

The denial of infantile sexuality is, in the face of conclusive evidence of its existence, reactionary, and cannot consistently be maintained by Marxists. – *From the book "Sigmund Freud," by Francis H. Bartlett.*

God's in His Kremlin

People will say, "Civilization as we know it is doomed," and they will entertain themselves with dank pictures of a world in ruins, people in rags, laboratories and libraries lost.

Rubbish!

Let New Masses point out some of the gains for the civilization *we* mean: Eleven million more people enjoy socialism. India talks boldly of independence. *Drang nach Osten* is wrecked. The Baltic and Balkan states are no longer vulnerable to the Nazis. – *New Masses advertisement appearing in The New Republic.*

Go Lay an Egg

5290. Jaensch, E. R. *Der Hühnerhof als Forschungs- und Aufklärungsmittel in menschlichen Rassenfragen.* (The poultry-yard as a medium of research and clarification in problems of human race differences.) Z. Tierpsychol., 1939, 2, 223-258. – The superiority of Nordic races is reflected in race differences among chickens. The Nordic chick is better behaved and more efficient in feeding than the Mediterranean chick, and less apt to overeat by suggestion. These differences parallel certain typological differences among humans. The Nordic is an inwardly integrated type, the Mediterranean an outwardly integrated type. The poultry-yard confutes the liberal-Bolshevik claim that race differences are really cultural differences, because race difference among chicks cannot be accounted for by culture. – *From the October issue of Psychological Abstracts.*

Best-Laid-Plans Department

Thomas McBride Cochran, on trial for murder of a high-school dramatics student whom he promised fame as an actress, admitted on the witness stand today he hit her on the head, shot at her and stabbed her but insisted he did not mean to kill her. – *AP dispatch printed in The Lawrence (Mass.) Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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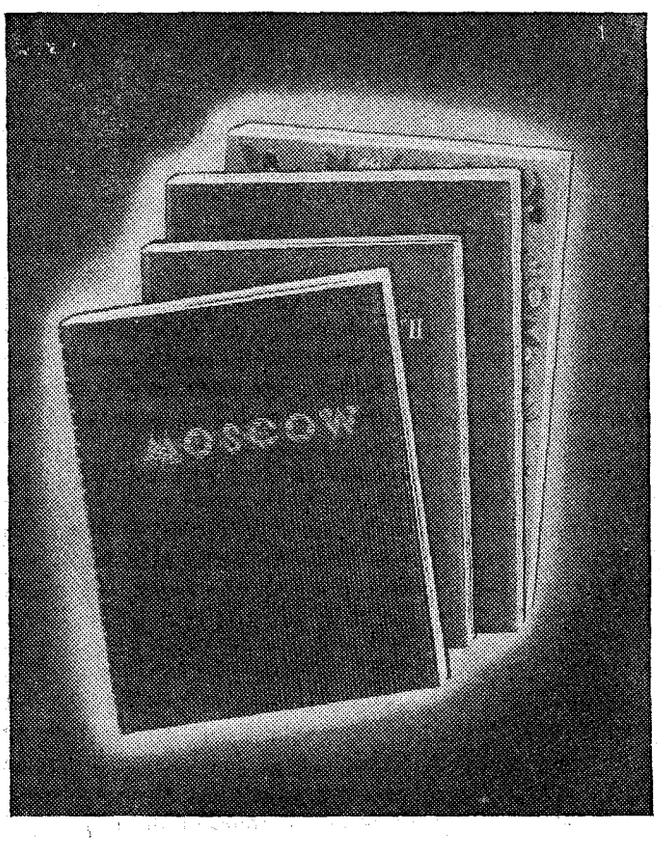

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Correspondence

When Do We Eat?

SIR: Your editorial, "How Not to Save Democracy," in The New Republic of October 18, had so much good sense in it that you will now doubtless be accused of harboring secret Communist sympathies. I am under similar suspicion on the part of certain intransigent "liberals" because I have written and spoken against all this purging, snooping and tale-bearing that has been under way since Stalin went overboard taking with him the hierarchy of the American Communists.

Last summer in your letter columns I suggested that it might be a good idea for progressives, liberals and radicals to present a program for the 1940 election. Ever since, I have been receiving letters from all over—Texas, Maine, Ohio, Colorado, even New Jersey—from men and women who are by no means the usual letter-writing pests. They talked about the nationalization of our resources, about our chance for abundance, about the lack of follow-through in the New Deal. Of course to our internationalists who can call every shot that is going to be made in Europe, all this must seem painfully naïve. May I suggest, however, in view of the fact that the same internationalists have thus far called every shot wrong, that they spend a little less time reading the testimony before the Dies Committee or getting up fancy solutions denouncing Hitler and Stalin, and do a little more thinking about the plight of the jobless man down the next street? After all, it seems to be the consensus of the letters I have received that while we can't do much about this current war except try our darndest to keep out of it, we can do something about that same jobless man and his family. It may be literally intriguing to tot up the number of GPU agents in the CIO, to forecast the latest moves of Etaoin Shrdlu, or whoever the Turkish Ambassador may be, or to join with Alex Rose of the American Labor Party in making snoots at Stalin. However, it is a tougher and more worthwhile job to figure out a practical answer to the question still posed by millions of Americans—"When and how much do we eat?"

Fairlawn, N. J. MCALISTER COLEMAN

Labor Costs in Building

SIR: I am sending you an open letter to John T. Flynn.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Mr. Flynn:

You seem to have a bug against the cost of labor in the building industry [The New Republic, July 26 and September 13]. Let me give you a few facts that will show the fallacy of your arguments.

Twenty-five years ago four bricklayers, four carpenters, two plumbers and a roofer formed a group to build one-family houses, one house for each of the mechanics. We worked in our spare time and on Saturdays and Sundays. *Labor was absolutely free.* After ten years not one of us remained with a house. The banks got them. We could not hold on to our homes, not because we paid too much for labor but due to the crazy system, as you call it. In ten years we paid to the banks in interest and bonus an amount equal to the original loan, and we still owed them the money.

Six years ago a friend of mine built an apartment house with non-union labor in Allston, Massachusetts, thereby saving about 40 percent on labor contracts. After he had struggled with it

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for five years, it was foreclosed. Again not due to high cost of labor but due to vacancies, due to unemployment, due to the crazy system, Mr. Flynn.

Two years ago the same man built an apartment house on Beacon Street near the State House in Boston. He had to employ 100-percent union labor. Yet the house brings in a handsome profit because it is fully rented. The people who live there have steady jobs. Again high cost of labor has nothing to do with it.

I venture to guess that the building surveyed for the Real Estate Board of New York City was built with cheap labor—yet it does not pay, because of a loose nut somewhere. Besides why should an independent thinker like you quote the New York REB, which represents the interests of the employers? I am sure if you would examine the figures you could find plenty of juggling.

If anyone is in a fog about the building industry it is you, Mr. Flynn.

Allston, Mass. Z. POLIVNICK

No Trenches in Bermuda

SIR: A number of recent letters from American friends have given me the impression that a widespread misconception exists in the United States regarding conditions in Bermuda.

Rumor notwithstanding, there is little evidence of military activity here. During daily trips about the islands, I have not seen a single trench or a strand of barbed wire. Nor have I been plagued by motor cars, which certain papers insinuate are racing along Bermuda's roads. The Colonial Parliament did relax its ban on autos to allow the Governor General use of a few cars during the war period, but these vehicles can hardly be considered a traffic nuisance. There is no food shortage, and visitors are just as welcome as ever.

Paget, Bermuda HENRY COOLIDGE ADAMS

On Soviet Policy

SIR: Allow me to congratulate James Benét for his communication on Soviet policy [The New Republic, October 11]. It's the first reasonable word to appear in the liberal press. And the contrast with your miserable editorial hash of gossip and fiddle-faddle called "Communist Imperialism" [same issue] is indeed striking.

In times like these it would be well for the leading lights of The New Republic to read up on some of Lenin's writing on the last imperialist war. Especial attention should be paid to his treatments of the "social patriots."

As I understand it, "social patriots" are labor leaders and progressives, enjoying a certain amount of confidence from the people, who act as the good shepherds during the war. With little homilies about civilization and democracy they try to get the workers to shed their blood willingly.

Good examples of "social patriots" are Harold J. Laski and Henry Noel Brailsford in their recent New Republic articles.

The spectacle of liberals and labor leaders taking first place in providing reasons for United States' entry into war to support the democracy of Chamberlain and Daladier is distressing. And so early in the war too.

New York, N. Y. A. M. KELLEY

SIR: There can be no point in arguing with you as you have all the arguments, if you care to reweigh them, for both sides in this question of recent Soviet action in regard to Poland. I have been reading The NR with mounting doubts as to the ability of its editors to reach a reasonably detached position.

I am sure that, had I been "in Stalin's shoes," I should have acted very much as he, or they, did. James Benét's references to

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Lenin may or may not be perfectly accurate, but the rest of his letter, I believe, puts you fellows to shame.

Cleveland, Ohio JOHN S. SILLS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Adding to our embarrassment and the joy of nations, J. H. Handy writes from Quincy, Illinois, as the "Secretary of the Educational Federation." Mr. Handy, having started "Yours of recent date inviting subscription received all right the post office functions efficiently," goes on without drawing breath to say that on the subject of education we are self-satisfied, blind, or worse. The main and middle paragraph setting us right about education reads exactly as follows: "And you are not much of a progressive paper or you would be able to see that sometimes I think a fellow who thinks he is a progressive can be more reactionary than the reactionaries." . . . John M. Leyda sends us the copy of a letter he sent to his local newspaper somewhere in Nebraska. His main contention is that the country has been in economic trouble for years, but for no such facile reason—fear on the part of business, fear of war, etc.—as small-town editorial writers like to cook up. But the letter is returned by a friend of his on the staff, who simply admits "My hands are tied in a way which makes it hopeless to try to buck the system." . . . Sam Paine of Minneapolis thinks he hasn't any more chance of living a few years longer than a medieval plague victim so long as the leaders of the world insist on talking in terms of Britain and Finland without distinguishing whether they mean British workers or Finnish landlords. He says he wants to live a few years longer.

For our department of Noble Things of Doubtful Use, Emma Hartog submits the idea of a Jane Addams "peace school" (opening October 24 at 542 Fifth Avenue in New York). The school's hope is in the strengthening of "well considered peace thought and action"; but it's probably always true that the people who get us to go to war don't go to school.

John L. Stryker writes from Madison, New Jersey, to ask and answer the question, "What has Mr. Hicks proved in his letter in regard to the Communist Party [The New Republic, October 4]? Practically nothing that the overwhelming majority of radicals did not know." Mr. Stryker also accuses us of getting caught out on a limb in accepting The New Masses' "exposé" of General Krivitsky. Mr. L. L. Gitin, of Buffalo, New York, appreciated the Hicks communication (October 4) and wonders what the party fundamentalists can answer to it. H. W. L. Dana supplies an outline for an answer from Cambridge, Massachusetts. He says that "in characteristic New Republic manner" Hicks calls those who know more than he does about European affairs stupid.

Herbert Brunckem sends us one of these "inquiring photographer" columns from The Washington Times-Herald. The question of the day is the reaction of ordinary citizens to the boycott of German-made toys. The average reaction is that people have nothing against the German people, and think we ought to be neutral anyway—especially on the kind of toys you can't get made so well anywhere else. Our correspondent regrets to see how "hate distorts your reasoning," and concludes with the admonition, "Merely hating Hitler won't make you or Europe happier."

Clara Fredricks, secretary of the "libertarian Communist journal Vanguard," sends an appeal for funds made by the Provisional Committee for the Defense of Botolotti, Benvenuti, Gava and Joachim, four men being held by the Canadian government on the charge of owning subversive literature. The Committee says the charge is the usual frame-up, that the government refuses to be more specific, and that it is a case for "believers in democracy" to get busy (the address is 45 West Seventeenth Street, New York City).

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Books in Review

Growing Pains

THE THEME in each of these novels[1] is the initiation of a young man into the awareness of maturity. They are interesting as a trio, however, because they reflect the three different generations of their authors. Mr. Prokosch is still youthful, full of the beauty, pain and strangeness of living. Mr. Aldington is an angry victim of post-war disillusion, bogged in bitterness. Mr. Maugham is a weary old man hammering out books by habit, business proclivity and perhaps the need of preserving himself from boredom.

"Night of the Poor" records a spiritual journey through those few weeks that are sometimes all that separate youth from manhood, at the same time that it carries its youthful hero Tom from a green Wisconsin farm through the variety, confusion, impermanence and promise of America. It is Walt Whitman's America that Prokosch is singing, "its cold pine-shadowed lakes," "the trains . . . echoing through the hills . . . and the trucks rumbling down the state highways," "wooden bridges and old cars left in the woods to rust and rot away," "Poles and Italians sweating at the forge, faces lit by the red furnace blaze." Tom meets farmers, boy vagabonds, tarts, fleeing gangsters, Negroes, storekeepers and policemen; eats handouts from back doorsteps and hamburgers in diners; sleeps in box cars, abandoned shacks, flop houses, sees murder, love-making, poverty, hatred, kindness, fever and death.

As he drinks in these experiences the vistas of America unfold before him like the leaves of a luminous fan. Its soil, its vegetation, its people, Prokosch sees with something of Whitman's vision of inexhaustible fertility: "Defeated at the very start, yet undefeatable, drained to the core yet still abundant. It was in them that the heart of the land lay dozing, and in them the answer lay coiled." There is much in Prokosch that is reminiscent of Thomas Wolfe, but he is a more disciplined artist, with none of the furious giantism and Elizabethan violence that issued from Wolfe in bathos, rhodomontade and dark magnificence. There is no struggle in "Night of the Poor"; and the only movement in its slow serenity is one toward ultimate fruition.

"Rejected Guest" is rapid, irate, stridently cynical. After a drab suburban childhood its hero, David Norris, illegitimate son of a gentleman officer, is catapulted into the cosmopolitan luxury of the Riviera. But in both lives he is merely the vehicle for Aldington's disgust and rage against modern civilization, the echo of his author's hatreds, voiced in loud asides as well as in plot-manipulation. ("As a youth he discovered Darwin and Huxley by way of Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, and rather sensibly became an atheist." "Admiration"—for doctors—"will depend upon how recently you have had your pocket picked in Harley Street." "Educationally David's ill health was his good fortune—it kept him away from school." "The English are capricious in their treatment of sexual deviations, and the devotee of the only too well known Eros never knows whether this caprice will bring him Reading Gaol or a knighthood.")

Hardly a person is allowed to appear in the book whose selfishness, jealousy, hypocrisy, shallowness or venality David doesn't ultimately see through; in the rather amusing but tonally incongruous later chapters he suddenly ceases being a melancholy and idealistic youth and begins throwing off flippant cynicisms like those of his creator. The conclusion is an acid misanthropy: "Twentieth-century man is superior to all the ages because a few of him can make airplanes and understand quantum mathematics." "What a triumph when the last aviator drops his last bomb on the last pregnant woman!" This is less like mature pessimism than adolescent shell-shock.

Maugham's young Charlie Mason, even more than David Norris, is nothing but a lay figure—a nice, well bred, sweet-tempered young Englishman, neither stupid nor clever. Such is the formula, and Maugham never gets away from the stereotype; not even when Charlie's "Christmas Holiday" in Paris brings him into contact with unsuspected depths and frightening emotions. His former friend Simon he finds training himself in ruthlessness to become the Machiavellian brains behind a ferocious communist-fascist dictatorship. ("Communism," Simon explains, "is the lure you offer the working classes to rouse them to revolt"; but "Everyone knows now that communism is a wash-out.") Full of all the slogans of *Schrecklichkeit*, he still sounds less like Mussolini or Hitler than he does like a third-rate Byron. Robert Berger, compelled to prove his cleverness by successive crimes until he winds up in murder, is a competent case history, but seen entirely from the outside, in exposition, hypothesis, philosophizing *about* him. And in Lydia, finally, trying symbolically to take upon herself some of Robert's guilt by submitting to humiliation and defilement, the inadequacy becomes positively awful. She is handled as a distant follower of Maupassant might try to depict a Dostoevskyan mystical harlot, as if she stood for things Maugham had heard of but never experienced. Charlie, too, is rather baffled, but Maugham exaggerates when he tells us "the bottom had fallen out of his world." It had nowhere to fall from.

These three writers do not reflect, of course, the invariable outlooks of youth, late manhood and age, but they do reflect characteristic attitudes of their generations in our time: Maugham a passive skepticism born of nineteenth-century mechanistic science, Aldington the rebellion and fury of the war generation, Prokosch a renewed but chastened idealism and aspiration. And Prokosch, the youngest, seems to be emotionally the richest, the most mature and wisest. Aldington is constantly intruding himself in caustic editorials and pulling the strings of his plot to sustain his quarrel with humanity. Maugham's calm is not really more

[1] Night of the Poor, by Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.
Rejected Guest, by Richard Aldington. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.
Christmas Holiday, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

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mature than Aldington's rancor; it is only the indifference of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. Of the three, as here represented, Prokosch alone is purely an artist.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Quantity and Quality

Modern Man in the Making, by Otto Neurath. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 159 pages. $2.95.

STANDARD PROCEDURE: You find a sentence, expand the sentence into a paragraph, the paragraph into a chapter, and the chapter into a book. You start by stating what you're going to prove, you proceed, "now I'm proving it," and for a grand finale you summarize.

To turn from such mighty projects in deforestation to Otto Neurath's "Modern Man in the Making" is to realize how much filibustering takes place, where we were never taught to look for filibustering. As against a species of historiography that resembles the worst kind of naturalistic novel (wherein two hundred thousand details are twice as great as one hundred thousand) you have here an essay in *reduction*, and a splendid one.

The contemporary cult of "the facts" must gain strength in part because, by this cult, systematic plagiarism has been made the norm. "The facts" are a species of quotation which one can appropriate without the quotation marks. They are collections by Bartlett, signed as though Bartlett had made them up himself. "The facts" are, to be sure, the basis of Neurath's book—but he establishes his right to them by a fresh act.

It is his intention to locate the modern world for us by comparing and contrasting quantitative aspects of today with quantitative aspects of the past, sometimes with intermediate points showing the rate at which these quantitative changes occurred. And he has sought to translate his exposition into the idiom of visualization, his so-called "isotypes," a picturizing method that is hardly new with him, but is employed so deftly and methodically as to give one always the feeling of newness, both in the isotypes themselves and in the succinct kind of text that, in being designed to accompany them, became imbued with the same reductive genius.

The reduction to quantities necessarily eliminates important qualitative ingredients. Neurath has an isotype, for instance, visualizing the changed proportions of work, leisure and sleep in a day "formerly" and "now." The sleep quantity remains the same; the leisure quantity has greatly increased and the work quantity greatly decreased. But we are left with the important possibility that many ingredients in the quality of work in the past have been shifted to the quality of leisure now. And though the quantity of sleep is the same for both periods, anyone who has slept (a) by a traffic-laden street after a day at the office and (b) in a mountain cabin after a day of physical exercise, knows that there may be important differences in the quality of sleep.

The author, fully aware of this problem, attempts by a method of "silhouettes" so to combine quantities as to give us an inkling of quality. We are shown, for instance, the silhouette of a town in the middle ages and in modern times. In each we see a church surrounded by secular buildings. In the middle ages, the church overtops a little

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cluster of dwellings, in about the proportion of a hen to her chicks. In his visualization of modern times, we see the same church, now surrounded by skyscrapers, in about the proportion of the hen to a batch of electric refrigerators. And the same qualitative question is approached from another quantitative answer by indicating loss of religious influence thus: By coupling a rise in the suicide rate with the fact that religious authority is generally against suicide, Neurath interprets this change as a quantitative indicator of a change in the quality of religious authority.

But though the beginnings of a statistical approach to quality are made here, with great ingenuity, I question whether the problem has been completely solved. Look at one of the isotypes, for instance, with its neat rows of little standardized men, all alike, and each "representing" some tens, or hundreds, or thousands of his fellows. Is there not an important omission in the very concept of representation that is embodied here? We may recall an alternative kind of representation, a culminative sort, such as we might get in the culminative quality of a great portrait painter. Or otherwise put: we might distinguish between the kind of representation that sums up an era and the kind that strikes the average of an era. As for the average-man sort, statistically disclosable by little regimented figures, often left uncompleted to indicate that they represent the portion of a quantity, I am always uneasy when noting that this "average man" marries the fraction of an average woman, together they get some fraction of a job, in time they produce the fraction of a child, and they all go riding in two wheels and the bumper of an automobile.

KENNETH BURKE

The Flight of a Tartar Tribe

The Torguts, by W. L. River. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

IN 1771, HALF A MILLION Torgut Mongols, with nearly five million animals, migrated from the Volga River to China. They were fleeing from the oppression of Catherine the Great. After traveling nearly three thousand miles and enduring almost incredible hardships, they suffered captivity and destruction at the hands of the warriors of the Chinese Emperor. This is the epic subject matter of Mr. River's novel.

Before he got to work, the only really dramatic account of this strange Torgut mass-flight was an essay of De Quincey's, doubly obscured by time and by De Quincey's own style. Mr. River has now taken the story from this and other sources, individualized and popularized it, domesticated it to the native idiom of modern fiction, and brought it to market apparently as a historical romance. Dazzled by the shimmer of his prose and the brilliant historical notations with which he supplements his plot, the critics have been comparing the novel to "War and Peace" and "Gone with the Wind."

But, as a matter of fact, Mr. River hasn't written a historical novel; he hasn't even written, except incidentally, a piece of romanticized history. What he has written is a contemporary social document, dealing with social injustice, with political and ecclesiastical chicanery, with a great strike, a people's struggle for peace and freedom—

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Mr. Brooks is now at work on NEW ENGLAND INDIAN SUMMER to be ready for publication in the late Spring of 1940.

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BOOKS TO BE PUBLISHED:

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and he has invested it all with the glamor of far-off places. There is some quite brilliant writing in "The Torguts," and there is also some appallingly bad writing. So long as Mr. River is preoccupied with his Torguts *en masse*, so long, that is, as he is dealing with collective experience as modern as the flight from Catalonia or the migration from the Dust Bowl, his style is distinguished and the book is absolutely convincing. The moment he tries to individualize his Torguts, they are no more historical than the Ruritanians of the late Anthony Hope. Here in short are "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," combined and rewritten as a tract for the times.

MICHAEL SAYERS

Warning to Ostriches

The March of Fascism, by Stephen Raushenbush. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 365 pages. $3.

ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS of our time is a stubborn refusal to confront coming events no matter how darkly they may cast their shadows. It amounts almost to a kind of psychopathology, this retreat from reality into the comforting obscurities of dogma and doctrine. From a longer perspective this may appear as an inevitable narcosis in an age of profound and far-reaching change; a mechanism of defense against what threatens to destroy the familiar and the well beloved.

There are those, however, who have examined the shifting currents of the moment in which we live, and have reported without fear or favor. "The March of Fascism" seems to me to be the shrewdest, most factual analysis of the cause of totalitarian government that has yet been written. Out of the mass of material that Mr. Raushenbush has painstakingly assembled there emerges a clear understanding of the failure of democracy in Germany to meet the Nazi challenge; the inherent weaknesses of the Weimar Republic; the fatal divisions that shattered that brief attempt at popular government. What is more important, the author relates all this to our own experiment in democracy, and the comparison should trouble those who talk glibly of going to Europe to save democracy there. Mr. Raushenbush makes it plain that we have a great deal still to do to save democracy in this country.

His chapter on the impact of war could scarcely be more timely. It should be read by all those who seem to assume that by entering a war in Europe we inevitably insure ourselves against fascism at home. There is more than a suggestion that the frayed fabric of our own social structure would not withstand participation in another war.

Above all, "The March of Fascism" should be read by those who seem to assume that by some miracle we have escaped the trends that finally brought on tyranny in Germany and Italy. Mr. Raushenbush cites our own anti-Semitism, a highly explosive potentiality prepared for a time of grave stress and strain. He points to growing evidence of suppression and repression. And it is a striking fact that immediately with the outbreak of war in Europe these trends have been sharpened.

Mr. Raushenbush speaks out of his long experience with the Senate committee that investigated the part played by the munitions industry in the last war. He has a background

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of practical knowledge of government, plus a considerable experience in the labor movement. He made a thorough first-hand investigation in Germany, Italy and Central Europe. (What he has to say on "democracy" in the Balkans is illuminating in the light of present events.) The book he has written is a richly documented history of how fascism triumphs over the democratic state.

I could wish that it had a different title. There are far too many books on the triumph of this and the march of that. Now and then I could wish that Mr. Raushenbush had sacrificed documentation for readability, but that is to wish, perhaps, for a less effective book. Anyone who wants to know the basic causes of the fatal disease of our time will read his book even though it is not always easy to read. What he says over and over again is what we all tend to forget, namely that no mere passive defense of inherited tradition can meet the menace of fascism. We must demonstrate by works and not by words that democracy is a living force.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

Boone

Daniel Boone, Master of the Wilderness, by John Bakeless. New York: William Morrow and Company. 494 pages. $3.50.

EARLY in the eighteenth century old George Boone, a Devonshire weaver, sent his son, George, to spy out the land of Pennsylvania before the rest of the Boone family crossed the ocean. At the end of the same century old George's famous grandson, Daniel Boone, sent his son to examine the new land of Missouri before he moved from his cabin on the Brushy Fork in Nicholas County, Kentucky. Daniel Boone was then in his early sixties, still vigorous but oppressed as he had been all his life by debt and worn out with empty honors—the state of Kentucky gave the name of Boone to its new county in the same year that the sheriffs put up ten thousand acres of his land for taxes.

As a scout and paid agent for Richard Henderson and Company, Boone had opened up the western country for settlement and had later surveyed hundreds of thousands of acres for himself and others. At one time he owned twenty-six thousand acres of land, but "shingled" claims, failure to file certificates and legal chicanery had deprived him of many of his holdings. In 1799 he was glad to sell what land he had left and move to Missouri, where the hunting was still good. The Spanish Crown made him a magistrate and granted him ten thousand arpents of land. His claim to this land was shingled by the Louisiana Purchase. Boone, as might have been expected, had neglected to comply with certain formalities or, rather, the lieutenant-governor had assured him that his position as magistrate had exempted him. There was a long debate in Congress. Boone received one thousand arpents of his Spanish grant. Kentuckians read in the papers that Boone had received his grant. Some of them hurried west with claims. Boone sold the whole thousand arpents and used most of the money to settle these claims. There was one that he refused. A man whose dead wife had once had the gift of a tract of land from Boone wanted the land replaced with money. "You have come a long way to suck a bull," Boone told him, "and I reckon you will have to go home dry."

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Boone's land deals are, of course, only one phase of the life of this remarkable man. John Bakeless tells the whole story in "Daniel Boone, Master of the Wilderness." It is a dramatic narrative. This reviewer read it the first time at one sitting for the pleasure of seeing what happened next. At a second reading one is impressed by Mr. Bakeless' grasp of the period, by his scholarship and by the amount of information he has managed to convey in four hundred pages. He has drawn freely on all available source material—including Lyman Draper's five-volume life, in manuscript—and has performed an added service in cataloguing all extant Boone documents. His fault as a biographer is that, as far as the writing goes, he is too much a man of his own time. Daniel Boone was an eccentric speller, but his biographer might have profited by a study of his prose style, which is forceful and concise. Mr. Bakeless writes a lively New Yorkerese which abounds in clichés and sometimes descends to contemporary slang. For example, Blackfish's siege is described as "one of Boonesborough's livelier nights," and an Indian warrior, making an obscene and threatening gesture, is doing "a strip tease."

CAROLINE GORDON

The Passing of Mrs. Grundy

Old Gods Falling, by Malcolm Elwin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 412 pages. $3.50.

MR. ELWIN sets out "to reveal in panorama the fields of popular fiction in the three decades preceding 1914," a major part of which panorama is the fight against the "Old Gods" of Victorian prudery. Certain authors are chosen by Mr. Elwin as supplying, together, a consensus of the period; hence we are to see them as part of the panorama rather than as the leading writers of their time. With this end in view, Meredith, Hardy, Gissing, Conrad and James are virtually ignored, while George Moore gets two chapters and Rider Haggard nearly a hundred pages.

The author's views are as arbitrary as his selection of authors: the men he admires—Stevenson, Haggard, Galsworthy—are dealt with sympathetically and completely, while those he dislikes are seen strictly from one side—the worst. Moore, for example, who is included as a champion of realism, draws little but jibes at his imaginary sexual exploits. Mr. Elwin's dislike of prudery and humbug is that of a scornful aristocrat bemoaning the passing of feudal abandon: he has little but contempt for mass education and vulgar principles. Occasionally, too, he is capable of astonishing generalizations, such as the remark that "the present vogue for Van Gogh derives largely from his having cut off his ear as a present to a prostitute."

Where he is at his best is in his excellent chapters on the function of the circulating libraries, on critics such as Lang and Henley, and the publishers who were bold enough to publish material of an "offensive" nature. "The first quality of a novel was that it should be suitable for 'family reading,' " and Mr. Mudie and his fellow librarians upheld this principle as dictatorially and disastrously as Mr. Hays upholds the Production Code in Hollywood today. The struggle and victory over the libraries makes very good reading and is clearly presented as one of the most important symptoms of Victorianism.

NIGEL DENNIS

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A Reader's List

THE TRAMPLING HERD, by Paul I. Wellman (Carrick and Evans, $3). The epical story of the cattle range in America from Spanish *vaqueros* to the dude ranch—with special emphasis on the feuds between sheepherders and cowpunchers, and the part played by fences and domestication in sending the Texas longhorns to follow the buffalo to the happy hunting ground.

ALFRED ADLER: A Biography, by Phyllis Bottome (Putnam's, $3). The authorized life of the founder of Individual Psychology by a friend and student who is also a well known novelist. A sympathetic account written with the coöperation of the subject's family and colleagues, it is a record of a personality rather than an objective appraisal of his work.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number

Toward a Planned Society

LIKE MANY OTHER CONTROVERSIES over the conduct of human affairs, the debate about whether the United States should adopt economic planning has been carried on after the issue itself was decided. We already have planning. The argument has been like that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as to whether the world should adopt capitalist industrialism. By the time the greatest single document in advocacy of the new order was issued—"The Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith—the change was already well established and nothing could have stopped it.

The terms in which the discussion has been cast have helped to create the false impression that planning is a patent new scheme to be accepted or rejected as a whole, that the nation is faced by a clear-cut alternative between voting to plan and retaining the familiar system. That has prevented many from seeing that planning is inherent in industrial civilization, and that what we have been advocating is really its extension and more skillful conscious use for socially desirable purposes.

Lest this be thought quibbling about terms, it is well to state briefly the theoretical issue as it is sometimes argued, and then show why it does not apply to the facts.

According to vulgar theory, what happens in economic life is the resultant merely of millions of choices of business men, investors, workers and consumers. They decide, as individuals, what to produce and how much of it, where to buy and where to sell, how much to save and where to invest it, whether they will pay the prices charged, how much to ask for their own products.

This system is supported as having two major virtues. In the first place, it is a "free one," since it rests on private enterprise and preserves the right of each individual to make his own economic decisions. In the second place, it is supposed to work better than any controlled system could. Competition ensures that those producers offering the best values at the lowest price will survive and prosper. The return on capital in successful ventures stimulates saving and investment in productive facilities for those goods that the consumer most wants. The consumers' choices, in turn, determine the nature of production. The theory is elaborated further into endless refinements.

If one accepts this as the natural or existing state of affairs, then it is easy to argue against the introduction of planning. If you substitute decisions by groups or by government for those of individuals, you restrict freedom. Once economic freedom is gone, who knows where the tendency will stop? You are headed straight for dictatorship. And, in addition, you so upset the "natural" economic order by arbitrary intervention that it does not operate efficiently any more. Fix prices, limit profits or regulate production, and you throw into confusion that delicate system of dials and pointers that tells business men and investors when to produce more or less and where to invest and how much.

But this, of course, is a false way of stating the issue. The ideal world of the classical economists is not the one we have, or the one we have had for a long time, if ever. The intervention which prevented it from functioning satisfactorily came not from the advocates of social planning, but from the disposition of man himself. The elaborate classical theory rests on major assumptions which are not true. It assumes, first, that in every important economic field there will be an approximation to "perfect competition." It assumes that prices will move readily in response to forces of demand and supply, and that neither demand nor supply will be subject to "artificial" controls. It assumes that capital and labor will be "fluid." It assumes that men, in their economic activity, will be moved only by the purely economic motives of getting the best value for the least money, of buying low and selling high. And it assumes that in pursuit of these ends they will act rationally and with adequate knowledge of the facts. Individuals may make mistakes, but these will cancel out in the social result. Volumes would be required to show why and how these premises are false; many of the volumes have already been written. We may mention here two of the most important fallacies.

In the first place, the realm of private enterprise never consents to abide by the rules of free competition except where circumstances force it to do so, and it finds

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many ways to escape from them. Prices are determined by many factors, but only in a few instances simply by the forces of demand and supply. Habits, prestige, monopolies, quasi-monopolies, banking and currency control, patents, public regulation, tariffs, establishment of advertised brands, trade unions, farmers' co-operatives—these are only a few of the institutions which make prices less fluid.

In the second place, men are so far from being rational or well informed that the result of what they do as individuals even in "free markets" does not accord with the classical theories at all. A striking demonstration of this was recently published. One would think that if logical economic behavior and accurate foresight were to be found anywhere, they would be found in the capital market, where money is lent and borrowed by experts who have no other business, and by men of great wealth who are supposedly cold-blooded in their pursuit of gain. Mr. Frederick R. Macauley, expert statistician for the National Bureau of Economic Research, spent years in the study of interest rates, and published a scholarly book which traces their course in the United States since 1856.[1] He calculated what the relation between long-term and short-term interest rates would have been if lenders and borrowers had had complete knowledge of the relevant facts and had made logical use of that knowledge. But statistical examination revealed that "the relations as they actually occur run *counter* to these theoretical rationalistic expectations." Not merely a deviation, mind you, to be accounted for by imperfections of logic and foresight, but an actual contradiction!

The correct assumptions for a valid economic theory have yet to be established; but we do know that the theory of the "free economy" is so far from the actual behavior of our world that it might as well be a metaphysical discussion of the flight of angels.

In saying that this nation is already practising planning, we do not mean that it has adopted planning of its total activities in the sense of a precise engineering technique, but merely that it is inexorably committed to the regulation of economic affairs in accordance with deliberate policies of one kind or another. This began before we were a nation at all. The colonies were conceived by England as a source of raw materials and a market for manufactured products. The regulations on currency, trade and manufacture imposed to prevent them from being anything else were irksome to the colonists and eventually resulted in the Revolution. No sooner had we gained our freedom than we adopted economic policies of our own. The Constitution was framed in large part to stabilize the currency and ensure the collection of taxes to recompense bondholders. The great controversies over the protective tariff and the National Bank arose from the plan to foster a native industry and to establish centralized control over the value of money, in the interest of capitalist accumulation. We even fought a Civil War about the issue as to whether the plantation-slave economy or the free-labor and industrial economy was to be dominant. After that war, the tariff and the currency policy were perennial subjects of politics.

The government subsidized railroad building by large bounties of land. The railroads in turn became subject to governmental regulation, first by states, then by the nation. Labor organized and, in many trades, established collective bargaining. The era of great industrial combinations, in the interest of price and production control, began. This, in turn, inaugurated the period of anti-trust legislation and trust-busting, in the interest of small competitors, consumers and labor. Public utilities in traction, water, gas and electricity arose, were granted legal monopoly, were subjected to regulation. Before the first world war the country was engrossed in debate about national economic policy, and this, in Wilson's first term, resulted in new control devices such as the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Reserve System for the banks. The federal income tax, with progressive rates for higher incomes, was established.

The war itself necessitated a hastily improvised but full-fledged planning system for purposes of war production. It involved administration of finance, foreign trade, shipping, railroads, fuel, food, war industries, labor and prices. Though most of these controls were quickly demobilized under the Republican reaction, important traces remained. We had a great elaboration of economic statistics, which are the first requisite for anything approaching scientific planning. And we had a wide array of trade associations in many industries, hitherto competitive, which quietly took over the techniques they had learned under government auspices. Some of their activities were beneficial to efficiency, like better accounting and engineering standardization, and some of them were devoted to control of output and prices in the interest of scarcity profits.

Both the war and the subsequent peace saw a tremendous development of scientific planning on an engineering basis in separate private industries. This era of industrial expansion is popularly thought of in terms merely of material factors, like automatic machinery, mass production with belt-line assembly and the like. But all this would have meant nothing without ability to administer enterprises of a size, extent and complexity hitherto believed to be beyond human executive capacity. What made possible the growth and success of huge organizations like the mail-order houses, General Motors and American Telephone and Telegraph was the maturity of scientific management, which is based upon a highly developed

[1] The Movements of Interest Rates, Bond Yields and Stock Prices in the United States Since 1856, by Frederick R. Macauley. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 586 pages. $5.

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planning technique. This technique is not a theoretical dream of visionaries; it is a tested skill which is as definite and revolutionary an addition to our culture as the steam engine and the power loom. At the same time the planning of cities and of regions began to strike root.

The post-war era also saw the incubation of new social problems demanding attention to national economic policy. The farmers' surpluses gave rise to a long series of ingenious schemes pressed by the farm bloc. Finally, in Mr. Hoover's administration, this agitation broke through the stiffest sort of conservative opposition into the establishment of the Federal Farm Board and a new series of credit agencies. Once the ice was broken, the development of agricultural planning and control could not be stopped. Under the pressure of depression, it grew into the AAA, with its varied and changing devices. In spite of all the ridicule and opposition that it aroused, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration can never be demobilized; and the Department of Agriculture is today one of the most complete planning agencies existing in any government in the world. The fact that it has not solved its problem does not mean that we shall ever go back to the old helter-skelter order in agriculture.

It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the many new governmental agencies which came to life under the New Deal; their history is fresh in our memories. The important point to bear in mind, however, is that they were not random innovations imposed on an unsuspecting public by the President and a handful of brain-trusters, but the logical result of a long history of intervention into economic processes embarked upon by the government in response to pressures arising within the national community. A few of them, like the NRA of unhappy memory, have been abandoned, but most of them will continue in one form or another. We shall never demobilize the more highly integrated control that now exists over banking, credit and the securities markets, or the new measure of social security, or the regulation of minimum wages and maximum hours, or the TVA, or the Housing Administration, or the CCC. In discussing the future of planning, we do not have a clean slate to write on. The real question is not whether to intervene with the mythical "free economic system," but how to coördinate and supplement and plan the many interventions that have been necessary and that now exist.

The pertinent agitation for planning is now really a plea for the adaptation and introduction on a broader scale of the scientific planning technique that has already been developed and proved in single enterprises. We have been impelled to make policy decisions covering wider and wider fields, and to introduce more and more controls. Since these activities must go on and will probably be expanded, why not practise them as efficiently as we know how? Nothing is clearer than that without a high degree of intelligence and careful coördination these varied interventions may do as much harm as good. That was the trouble with the planning by separate industries in the Coolidge "new era." It was marvelous as far as it went, but the fact that it was confined to single enterprises, did not cover the no-man's land of coördination among them and did not cope with the larger problems of our economy, led to disaster. While planning of single units is necessary and desirable, it has gradually been borne in upon us that planning requires a more efficiently coördinated general economy as an environment for its decisions if it is to operate well.

The main principles of scientific planning are easily understood, even though its details are highly technical and varied. Yet, since they are so generally misapprehended, it may be well to state them again.

1. The planning agency is not executive but advisory. In military terms, it is not a "line" function, but a "staff" function. It is not the prerogative of the planners to decide upon major objectives or to execute decisions. These objectives are prescribed by some other policy-making body. In a private company, policy-making decisions are made by the officers or directors of the concern. In a democratic government, they are made by the elected legislature and executive or their agents. It is the duty of the planning agency, however, to study the conditions necessary to attainment of the chosen objectives, and to advise the policy-makers accordingly. Policy decisions will be affected by this advice, if planning is to work well.

From all this it follows that planning is not necessarily associated with any particular kind of objective or any special form of government. The major purpose may be good or bad; it may be efficiency in war or abundance in peace. The government served by planning may be a pure democracy or an absolute dictatorship, or anything between. A New England town meeting could be advised by a planning commission; some of them are.

2. The foundation of planning activity, given an objective, is research into the facts bearing upon the problem of achieving it. It is the essence of planning that its conclusions are formulated as little as possible on the basis of tradition, hunch or guess, and as largely as possible on the basis of objective research and experiment. The authority behind the planner is therefore not arbitrary authority, but the necessity inherent in the situation.

3. Given the objective and the information, the next step is the choice and mobilization of the means necessary to intelligent action. This involves coördination of all the relevant forces and factors, whether subject to control or not. An army staff, for instance, must take into consideration and make predictions concerning uncontrollable factors like enemy plans, the weather, the available resources. It must also devise ways and

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means for the coördination of its own controllable forces under these conditions.

Devices of planning in this stage may include, as in industry, specification, standardization, techniques of operation, schedules of production, criteria for the determination of price, accounting practices, budgeting, progress records, inventory control—all of those things that will enable a large and varied personnel to function in pursuit of the common objective.

This process of detailed formulation of plan is not a single effort, like the drafting of an architect's blue prints and specifications for a house. The plan is not drawn up and then left to work itself. The planning agency must engage in a continual process of checking and revision as the execution of the plan develops. It must be a going part of a continual and functioning organization, always foreseeing and ready to meet emergencies. Good planning makes the total organization not more rigid, but more flexible and adaptable.

4. Finally, the function of the planner is to assist the executive or policy-making body in obtaining the necessary coöperation of all concerned. It is faulty planning that relies upon arbitrary or dictatorial power in its executive to put the plan in effect. The kind of complex coördination required in a well planned enterprise will not operate without consent and a high degree of understanding on the part of those who have to do the work. Even if reluctance and sabotage are not encountered, mere rote work is inefficient. Thus, in the best planned industrial enterprises, standards of performance are set with the coöperation of organized labor. Agreed standards are a protection against speed-up and arbitrary discharge as well as an aid to efficient production. This is merely an example to illustrate the general principle.

Furthermore, a good deal of decentralization is required for efficiency. Decisions that concern mainly subordinate units or individuals must be left with those units or individuals. The main function of the plan is to provide the proper environment for correct decisions, by reducing as much as possible the uncertainty regarding conditions that are beyond the control of the person deciding.

The tasks of our government are now large and responsible enough so that the introduction of planning technique of this scientific kind is indispensable. It already exists in various separate governmental agencies and for specific purposes. There are even approaches to it in the preparation of major decisions on governmental policy. What remains is only to expand the process, to make it explicit and understood.

If we are so stupid or unfortunate as to take part in war, we shall be forced into a general and explicit planning program almost overnight. We shall begin almost where we left off last time, and we shall do a much better job of it. It is significant that those who have been studying this problem have discovered that many fewer emergency bodies would have to be created than in 1917. The regular peacetime departments and special agencies of the government have been equipped with so much new information, so much better staffs and so many new powers that little would be necessary except to coördinate their activities about the objectives that war would demand.

If we successfully maintain our neutrality, an extension of planning activity will be necessary also. The least that could happen would be that the war would affect our economy so little that we should still be faced with the problems of mass unemployment and a deficiency in the flow of new capital investment. In that case the next job on the program of the New Deal, or of any following administration, would be to take concerted action to restore full production. A planned program for doing so, of which there already have been so many elementary hints, would be inevitable before too long.

The impact of the war may, however, produce other urgent problems, such as the necessity of controlling price increases and war profits, eliminating bottle-necks in our production and distribution, going to the aid of industries that are adversely affected by the shifting of demand. And any necessary war readjustment will have to be planned so as to make the shock of peace less disastrous than it was last time. We now have, for instance, means of preventing farmers from overextending their acreage on a basis that will produce an unhealthy inflation of land values and mortgage debt; and we have means of restricting agricultural production the moment excessive demands for war exports cease.

If there is to be a decent and workable peace at the end of the war, it must arise from a degree of world economic coöperation that can be executed only on the basis of resourceful national economic planning. The belligerent nations may redraw boundaries as they please, but they cannot create a peaceful civilization without a recognition of economic necessities which transcend national lines. The tremendous task of demobilization and world reconstruction cannot be accomplished without the aid of the United States, and to give this aid we must have our own house in order.

National economic and social planning, then, is here and its further development is inevitable. But that does not mean utopia—far from it. We can use it for the wrong purposes just as easily as we have bungled the uses of natural science and invention. It constitutes added power, but also added responsibilty. One thing is sure. We shall not use it well if we go on pretending that it does not exist and that we can operate merely according to the metaphysical principles of the mythical "free economy." That would renounce the potency of democratic planning in favor of those forces that would in the end deny the promise of democracy and an abundant life.

GEORGE SOULE

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Croly and the American Future

SOME YEARS AGO I lived for a summer in an old—well, relatively old—house at Douglaston, Long Island, that was redolent of the decade that bears the stamp of Theodore Roosevelt. The house had belonged to a popular magazine illustrator who stood somewhere between Charles Dana Gibson and Leyendecker in ability; his innocent, boyish pictures still adorned the walls, and the bookshelves were filled with the lighter titles of an age that had relaxed with F. Hopkinson Smith and furrowed its brows over Winston Churchill and David Graham Phillips. I remember being puzzled by the house in Douglaston. Like everyone else who came of age in the twenties, I had been reading books by Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken and others whose stock in trade was complaining of the cultural sterility, the flatness, the dreariness, of life in pre-war America. Here, in this house, everything to which the Lewisohns and Menckens objected had been preserved. Only it didn't seem in the least flat and dreary; it was, on the other hand, fragrant with some ill defined hope.

Since I was busy that year with a book on the pre-war Progressive movement, I spent the summer consciously sorting out the hopes and the promises of the Rooseveltian decade. The light confidence expressed by that house in Douglaston was, I decided, an extremely passive phenomenon: the confidence of a people that trusted to the luck of events for happiness and not to the strength of their own right arms. The electric-light bulb, the early phonograph, the telephone, the automobile—all the new machine-age contrivances which had arrived quite without effort on the part of the average man had resulted in an Aladdin's-lamp view of the future. Side by side with the passive general hope there went a more active political hope: a people that had been disturbed by the revelations of the muckrakers were inclined, when they thought about it, to put their faith in the election of "good" men to office. The "good" man, in the Rooseveltian decade, was the trust-buster, one who would return to the small competitor the control of the American industrial machine that was so prolific of light bulbs, phonographs, telephones and automobiles. But there was plenty of let-well-enough-alone spirit abroad in the land that made William Howard Taft President in 1909.

I was very conscious, of course, that the light optimism of the pre-war years had been attacked with good reason by scores of young critics—the young Mumfords, the young Randolph Bournes, the young Waldo Franks—in the Wilsonian decade. And I was conscious, too, that sometime before 1912 the inner-circle Rooseveltians, who had shaken the big stick at the trusts in 1906 and 1907, had with equally good reason decided that concentration was here to stay in heavy industry, and that control, not pulverization, must henceforward be the Progressive watchword. But, as an historian, I was trying to pin down the exact dates of mutation. Where, in the years before 1912, was the prophetic voice, the harbinger of the swelling chorus of the later critical awakening? And whence came the first positive realization that trust-busting wasn't enough? True, there were socialists around in the Rooseveltian decade, but their prophecies depended less on fresh native insight than on a hand-me-down critique of British and European capitalism. There were the muckrakers, such as Steffens, who had lost hope in a reversionary recapture of primitive capitalism. There were Populists, La Follettians, Bryanites, Fabians, Single Taxers, Anarchists, what-not. But none of them, so far as I know, contributed any real critical analysis of the nature of the hopes and promises which to the vast majority of Americans were as natural as blood-pressure.

I didn't get around to reading Herbert Croly's "The Promise of American Life" during that summer in Douglaston. And when I did read Croly a year later I was off on a different tangent: I had become a *protem* hand-me-down Marxian myself. "The Promise of American Life" had been published in 1909, in the high noon of the period whose hopes had fascinated me in that house in Douglaston. But all I could see during my first reading of Croly was his habit of seeking refuge in phrases such as "national interest" and "the nationalization of reform." In writing about Croly in "Farewell to Reform," I complained of a lack of concrete proposals, of "rumination in the upper air." Croly's mystical vision of the "nation" organized for progressive purposes made little sense to me, for I was chiefly impressed at the time with the vital differences that prevent groups or classes from achieving a "concert." Croly had written about the need for "sincerity" in politics; but talk of the "national interest" or "the nationalization of reform" seemed to me an insincere way of fudging issues. One man's "national interest" is notoriously the next man's poison. What the "promise of American life" was to Herbert Croly eluded me completely.

Since that time I have gone back to "The Promise of American Life" on more than one occasion. Although its persistent abstractedness still drives me wild if I read it for any extended period, I have come to think of it as a far more important book than I realized in 1932. My original trouble with it is not far to seek: I tried to take it on a 1932 basis, and was consequently looking for a quality of final awareness that cannot in the nature of things be part of any pioneer's book. And

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in looking for a superhuman Croly, I missed the one prophetic voice that would have connected those queer, hopeful pre-war years with the sharply critical and disillusioned years that followed. Croly put no faith in trust-busting. And he expressed "an active and intense dislike of the [average American's] mixture of optimism, fatalism and conservatism"—a mixture that resulted in "the expectation that the familiar benefits [of American life] will continue to accumulate automatically." There, in a few abstract phrases, the import of that house in Douglaston was made doubly plain: the pictures on the walls, the books on the shelves, were alike in being products of a culture that expected a continual fall of manna from heaven in spite of the fact that the power to produce was drifting, despite the trust-busters, into progressively fewer hands. Croly, in 1909, had put his finger on all that was weak in the American character—and had done it before anyone else.

At a time when John Dewey was still struggling with the implications of his version of the pragmatic philosophy, Herbert Croly was already a full-fledged instrumentalist. To him, the real promise of American life could only be achieved by the double activity of taking thought for the morrow and by conscious political organization to attain the ends defined in that thought. Pragmatism, or instrumentalism, has been criticized as a "prostrate" philosophy by Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford, but there was nothing prostrate about Croly, whose "thought for the morrow" was always based on certain values that were, for him, beyond argument. The "promise" of American life was a democratic promise. Croly was a democrat in that he believed in representative institutions. But he was an aristocrat in his passionate hope—see his essay on the character of Lincoln—that democrats could be taught to put their political trust in the hands of exceptional men. Whether there is a real paradox here, I doubt; democracy must have leadership.

Herbert Croly's parents had been followers of August Comte, whose positivism had made a religion of science. Born with the spoon of rationalism sticking from his mouth, Herbert Croly was from the beginning a samurai-hunter, a believer in a society whose opportunities would bring the wise and the good to the top. In this sense he was not an equalitarian. And, quite naturally, he detested the Jeffersonian tradition in politics. Jeffersonians flattered the people even when the people should be criticized; they courted favor for votes; they were enemies of effective government. Moreover, their philosophy of decentralization could not be acted upon in an age that saw Andrew Carnegie barricading himself at Skibo Castle behind a rampart consisting of a first mortgage on U. S. Steel.

Croly's pronounced anti-Jeffersonian bias set him apart from the "one-thing-is-enough" reformers of his time—from the Bryanites, the Populists, the Single Taxers, the trust-busters. Croly wanted a central government equipped to run the United States as a unit, with power to move in a coördinated way on all fronts at once. "In becoming responsible for the subordination of the individual to the demand of a dominant and constructive national purpose," he wrote, "the American state will in effect be making itself responsible for a morally and socially desirable distribution of wealth."

That sentence can stand as typical of the Croly style —which, in its rambling abstractedness, is enough to keep a semanticist busier than a bird-dog in an aviary. Lifted from its context, such a sentence could frighten the daylights out of me: the argument of the Fascist is that his state "subordinates" the individual to a "dominant and constructive national purpose." But Croly, although he regarded Jefferson as responsible for "that career of intellectual lethargy, superficiality and insincerity which ever since has been characteristic of official American political thought," was careful to define his "dominant and constructive national purpose" in at least quasi-Jeffersonian terms. He admitted that Hamilton had "perverted the American national idea almost as much as Jefferson perverted the American democratic idea."

Croly was, in brief, a believer in Jefferson's ends and Hamilton's means—although he never phrased his credo succinctly. Personally, I think "The Promise of American Life" wrongs Jefferson at many points. It is true that Jefferson's two terms in office were largely do-nothing terms. But during his presidency Jefferson had the Napoleonic wars to contend with—and we all know by now just how impossible it is to carry through a democratic program at home when the rest of the world is organized for destruction. Jefferson himself was quite aware of his failure as President; he admitted it when he spoke of the Declaration of Independence and the University of Virginia as his real monuments. The failure, however, had little to do with the subsequent "lethargy, superficiality and insincerity" of latter-day American political thought. These unlovely characteristics derived from facts in the external world —from the richness of the new American continent, which made political thought largely unnecessary for almost a hundred years. "Sincerity" returned to politics in Croly's day because the "automatic" benefits of nature were running thin.

With its Hamiltonian emphasis on central machinery and its Jeffersonian bias in favor of opportunity for the common man, "The Promise of American Life" was a "natural" for the Rooseveltians of 1912. Roosevelt himself read "The Promise" with a leaping brain—and from its pages came the slogans and the program of the Bull Moose "New Nationalism." That "new nationalism" differed from Woodrow Wilson's "new freedom" in one thing: its attitude toward the trusts

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When the Progressives assembled at Chicago in 1912, ready for their famous Armageddon, they had first of all to settle a private quarrel among themselves. There was a long struggle behind the scenes over an anti-trust plank, but in the end the forces that believed in the regulation, as against the pulverization, of concentrated economic power won the day. The economic atomizers were forced into the Wilsonian camp.

In recognizing the impossibility of breaking down giant agglomerations such as U. S. Steel into little competing pieces, Croly was ahead of his time. Nor has the quarrel been finally settled to this day: when the New Deal came along a quarter of a century after the New Nationalism and the New Freedom, it was shaken by the same old conflict that had split Progressives back in 1912. But even the trust-busters among the New Dealers—the disciples of Louis Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter—were forced to admit the impossibility of unmerging the heavier industries by political fiat: competition might be enforced in certain businesses, but steel, copper, aluminum, the railroads—all the industries requiring tremendous capital outlays—must be "controlled."

Events have vindicated Croly's criticism of American political institutions, as well. Croly believed in limited government, in the reservation and full guarantee of certain rights to states, to minorities and to the individual. But he did not believe in the stultifying check-and-balance theory that gives an executive a merely nominal power to carry out the deliberative will of the majority. Of the power of the Supreme Court Croly wrote in 1909: "A very small percentage of the American people can in this respect permanently thwart the will of an enormous majority, and there can be no justification for such a condition on any possible theory of popular Sovereignty." Croly foresaw a time to come when "government by lawyers" "would merely excite a crisis . . . and strengthen the hands of the more radical critics of the existing political system." But the obstruction of legalistic constitution-chopping was not the only check-and-balance evil to be feared. "The American people," so Croly wrote, "have much more to fear from congressional usurpation than they have from executive usurpation. Both Jackson and Lincoln somewhat strained their powers, but for good purposes, and in essentially a moderate and candid spirit; but when Congress attempts to dominate the executive its objects are generally bad and its methods furtive and dangerous. . . ."

Whether the Court-packing plan and the foreign policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt have been offered in a "moderate and candid spirit" is, of course, an arguable matter. Nevertheless, Congress as well as the Supreme Court has been guilty during the two terms of the New Deal of attempted usurpation of power—and that Croly could have predicted the "inevitable" conflicts of the thirties gives "The Promise" a special piquancy for moderns who are looking for fruitful perspectives on American history.

A good deal of "The Promise" has, of course, become the commonplace coin of modern political liberalism. Croly's remark about the non-union man being an "industrial derelict" is beyond argument for all those who think that the power of labor must be built up if we are to have a true democratic balance, or "concert," of the classes. Most of the suggestions for "reconstruction" in "The Promise" can be checked against the actual accomplishments of the Wilsonian and Franklin D. Roosevelt decades. And—since Progressivism is a matter of running twice as fast to stay in the same place—none of the Croly proposals has been fundamental enough to set our economic house to rights. "The Promise" must be read, then, for its expression of an attitude, not for a program good for all time. But Croly, who was a humble personality, would be the last to claim eternal validity for any of his proposals. He would have welcomed the New Deal as a partial expression of his Jeffersonian-ends-cum-Hamiltonian-means philosophy. But, having put himself behind Roosevelt as against Landon and the Liberty League, he would most certainly have gone on to qualify and criticize the actual New Deal performance.

Whether he would have remained an unmitigated Hamiltonian centralist is itself a matter for conjecture. Since he was obviously neither a Socialist nor an advocate of laissez-faire, I think he would have come out eventually for a mixed system. We have passed the point where one can be either wholly Hamiltonian or wholly Jeffersonian as to means: the democratic way of life demands a mélange of methods, with various types of industries taken in terms of special individual requirements. To argue for government ownership or control of the TVA dynamos is, for example, not at all the same thing as arguing for government registration of white leghorn chickens. Philosophies of centralization or decentralization must be put forward in this year of Stalin, Hitler and Wendell Willkie with precise demarcations; else the "either-or" boys will twist you beyond recognition, making you into a Fascist, a Communist or a Rugged Individualist as suits their demagogic convenience. The "promise of American life" still requires forethought and institutional organization, even as Croly wrote in 1909. But the instrumentation necessarily differs from age to age. Croly was mainly concerned that the critical clarification of good liberal means should go on. To that end he started The New Republic—which, beyond the necessarily dated pages of "The Promise," is his living legacy to our generation. Before Croly there was no one; after him came the host of America's critical renascence. Croly's magazine has been a major sounding board for that host; it, too, is part of the "promise" of American life that will die only with the evaporation or suppression of the valiantly critical spirit.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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America and the Refugee

THE MAIL MAN does not always bring me pleasant letters. Often I must read: "Once again you have sung a hymn in praise of the United States and American democracy. I was born in this country and I love it. But for that very reason there is much that troubles me. . . . Don't you see what is going on? Maybe you haven't yet been here long enough. There is still a surprise in store for you!"

To such remarks I reply: "Yes. I *am* delighted with this great country. I feel constantly the need of expressing my appreciation for the hospitality I enjoy on American soil. Here I have found a second home where the atmosphere of freedom has allowed me to continue my life's work in peace, and with a profound and ever renewed pleasure I feel the growth of a cordial and vigorous relationship between the intellectually interested public and me. At the same time I am certainly conscious that my case is quite individual, an exception and a matter of good fortune that should not be considered general, and one that I do not generalize from. But believe me: I am no foreigner to the troubles and perils of this republic. They come from the same source, after all, as the gigantic strength of your country, which in precisely the last ten years has felt the continuous progress of a century and a half strangely impeded; from the same source, I say, as America's highest, most endangered and perhaps even most dangerous possession: I mean its freedom. I do not know whether such a young American as I has any right to participate in the debates of the nation; when I do it, nevertheless, and think aloud about the relationship between freedom and democracy, I am encouraged in that direction not only by the friendly confidence of your compatriots, but also by my knowledge of and concern for the common bases of our western civilization—which perhaps on this continent has found its last refuge."

It is the same concern for the right idea of freedom that leads me to reproduce here still another letter, or rather a summary of letters such as come to me not infrequently from emigré circles. I shall pass over in the process that difficult type of German who believes that everywhere he must reform the world; it is a regrettable form of exile psychosis, which not only brings mockery to its victims but even injury to others.

No, the letters I have in mind have something of—I might call it an unhappy love for America. They have a strong and honest desire to forget what has happened and to fit themselves in, but with it a discouragement just as great, a stifling feeling: I like them, these Americans, and they behave magnificently toward us, but fundamentally—they don't realize it themselves yet—we are not wanted *even here.*

"My New York relatives have done a lot for me; I can't and I don't want to sponge on them any longer. The committees have taken the greatest pains, but they can't find anything for me. I have long since buried the hope of continuing in my former occupation. Yes, if I were a physician—but they have their troubles too. In New York they tell each other very peculiar stories about examination methods—a European specialist of world reputation failed not long ago in his own field—and yet the legislation of the individual states makes it practically impossible for physicians to settle anywhere except in New York. There everything is crowded, and anti-Semitism is growing. In the six years of the Hitler regime not more than about a hundred thousand Germans and Austrians have immigrated permanently, yet there seems to be no place for them, even in this huge country. Vast stretches of Oregon, Washington and Alaska lie fallow and unpopulated, but what could I take up in Oregon? I'm too weak alone to solve the problem. Who is to tell me, us, what we should do? Who will force us, if it must be, on the right road, so that we develop from fugitives into citizens, from birds of passage into Americans?"

To these voices I answer: "You are right, the problem can no longer be solved on an individual basis, in an age of intensified unification on all sides when, even in this paradise of individualistic society, the state thrusts a powerful arm into the machinery and rears impressive public works in the Tennessee Valley, at Boulder Dam. . . . However, the economic problem of immigration continues to be managed in a way more reminiscent of 1890 than 1939. The moment the emigrant leaves the pier he disappears in the crowd. He has ceased to be an object of public care and planning. In my opinion the realization has not yet sufficiently penetrated the consciousness of this nation that a problem such as the influx of many thousands of immigrants is no longer to be solved individually but as mass work, as a whole. It is a question of directing these masses where they can perform useful tasks for themselves and for all—even if it be with partial and temporary modification of their right of self-location. The private generosity of Americans should not be left alone to master a problem so eminently social and complex.

"As for the discomfiture of native Americans, of which you speak, let us attempt to understand it somehow. Hendrik van Loon, in an after-dinner speech a short time ago, compared the feeling of Americans to that of passengers on a liner that sailed from Le Havre. He noted that even in Southampton they look at the new passengers with a critical eye and regard themselves as early settlers. . . . The simile is just as amusing as pointed, but perhaps does not represent the

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whole truth. To be sure, Americans all—immigrants all. However, this mosaic of peoples has taken on a quite definite and unalterable national form in the course of generations, which like every other product of historical evolution insists on the maintenance of its physiognomic character. The idea of an over-infiltration of foreign elements, which plays such a large role in little Switzerland, has—with all the differences involved—its justification in America as well, at a time when the 'Kulturpropaganda' of certain European states has at least retarded the effectiveness of the 'melting pot.' In general the pace of development in this country has slowed down. America's pioneer epoch has long since become an echo, and even the industrial revolution has reached a temporary lull with the complete motorization of the continent. The third phase, the beginning of which we are now facing, will, if I am not mistaken, be devoted to securing what has been achieved, to a deepening and extension of the social and cultural structure. Should it then cause surprise if the American of the old stock has a vague feeling that the new arrival receives the privileges and fruits of historical accomplishments too much as a matter of course; it is the American's heritage and not his.

"You understand already what I am aiming at: our relation to the New World is, to a very great extent, a problem of tact. Tact and patience, a great deal of patience—so sound the unwritten laws of our Bill of Duties. America is still comparatively the land of open arms. They are not opened on the first day, but 'no one has starved to death here yet,' an old Yankee told me, and I believe he spoke the truth." THOMAS MANN

The Future of American Journalism

WHEN journalism as a profession was a few decades old, it had a kind of magnetic attraction for the imagination of Balzac. It was then novel and its future unforeseen; it was an adjunct of politics as well as a training ground for politicians; it was an instrument of education that was carrying on an undeclared war with the clergy for the right to explain to the people what was happening and what it meant to them. It attracted those spirits who function best in fields where there are few precedents, and in the adventurousness and recklessness of their careers —the sense that they were playing for great stakes in even the trivial details of their work—it had a quality not at all like that of the contemporary press, but more like the behind-the-scene worlds of the movies and radio.

The predicament of journalism today is that it has been superseded as the advance guard of political and cultural conflict, and has worked out no new concept of its function and position. The predicament of journalists is that they have inherited a tradition of dynamic political and cultural action which has little relevance to their actual duties. The result is not quite frustration, but it is sometimes close to that. Over the radio the great political struggles are waged, and in a crude sense it is there that the fortunes are made—there the harder, more ambitious, more receptive spirits collide in their Balzacian conflicts, faint intimations of which sometimes reach the world in guarded releases about censorship or new contracts. The new world of Hollywood has taken over much of the mass education and entertainment that it was once the function of the press to provide. It is in the movie and broadcasting studios, rather than in the dutiful routines of modern newspapers and magazines, that a Balzac of modern times would find conflicts at their extreme pitch of intensity; extravagance of action on a scale that makes Hearst's boldest ventures look schoolboyish; close and unpublicized ties with various interests, including the army, navy and different business groups whose needs vary; crude or extremely skillful attempts at a kind of visual statesmanship, sometimes trying to counter a mood of despair among the people, sometimes trying to dramatize American history and occasionally cautiously introducing a social problem. And it is in Hollywood most of all that Balzac would find the devastating successes and failures in human terms, the sense of mistakes being catastrophic, successes being overwhelming, decisions being consequential—suicides, drugs, nerves, tyrannies, hatreds, scandals, disgust—which tend to disappear as enterprises that began as gambles settle down to being institutions.

Whatever else the press may be, it is no such battleground as this. The 2,000-odd newspapers that each day distribute 40,500,000 copies are organizations of such a character that routines are more essential to them than inspiration; there is a place in them for inspiration, as there is in the schools, but it is not first place; and changes, innovations, improvements, must take into account the mechanical basis of the organization or they are likely to be sterilized.

When the weekly newspapers are added to the dailies, and to these are added the 1,200 weekly magazines distributing 50,000,000 copies, and the monthly magazines distributing 100,000,000 copies, then the size of the physical apparatus of American journalism is suggested. Within this apparatus there is room for infinite adjustments and shadings, for the emergence and disappearance of types of publications and species of journalists. There is room for a limited amount of direct political discussion and for a great deal of supplementary political documentation. But there is less

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room than there was for drastic changes, sensational exposés, adventures, discoveries, brilliant individual exploits, crusades and campaigns; the size of the apparatus operates to minimize their value, even if they were more highly regarded than they are by the people who run the press.

In the days when papers could be direct political instruments of their owners without thereby becoming menaces to the nation—when Slidell and Belmont's starting a paper to boom Buchanan could be balanced by Sanders' starting one to boom Douglas—it was possible to hammer out forceful, persistent and systematic political arguments, with the news trailing along behind. In the turbulent period of American journalism, marked by Hearst's odd exploits, the kidnaping of Fremont Older, the periodic discoveries of the white-slave traffic, dictaphones, stolen letters—when the press took upon itself the solving of murders, the unearthing of fraud, the administration of justice, the election of officials, the direction of foreign policy and the settlement of labor disputes—it was possible for the press to behave in a spirited and eccentric manner without provoking civil war, or driving the people crazy. But it is not political or moral apathy that makes the people reasonably indifferent to such crusades and exposés as the press now conducts. It is rather a deep sense of political and moral values, a recognition that a 16-inch gun is not the proper instrument for bringing down a roving maurader.

For the press is unified. The 2,000 dailies, the 1,200 weekly magazines and the 2,000 monthlies, with all their competitions and overlappings, act together in a fashion that totalitarian governments must envy. I have been reading back over the papers from some thirty cities to see how they treated the first days and weeks of the war, and it is difficult to see how a Propaganda Ministry could have decreed a more uniform reaction. There were minor but suggestive differences—William Allen White, for example, greeted the war with an interesting editorial about Rocky Mountain National Park. But you had to read a dozen stock editorials on war to see how totalitarian the press had become. The Southern papers tended to take the fact of war as an element in man's history pretty much for granted; in the Northeast there was some eloquent arguing on the moral responsibility for starting hostilities. There was evidence of a renewed competitive spirit; there was even some old-fashioned jeering at the performance of competitors. But basically the press reacted as a unit.

The record of its uniformity goes back far beyond this war; but the war illuminated its workings. On a simple technical level, it is one of the great organizational triumphs of American history. And if it is said that this performance demonstrates the effectiveness of the press as an instrument of American capitalism, then the promise of American journalism clearly lies in the certainty that the instrument can be preserved independently of its creator.

The development of the press as an institution of this magnitude and sensitivity, the ramifications of its organized structure, its very uniformity of response, have made it less effective as a dynamic political instrument. It is when this uniformity is brought to bear on a single political issue, as in the 1936 election, that it ceases to be effective. It is when the press uses the latent power of its organization for narrowly partisan ends that it risks losing the power entirely.

But there was a void in these papers that responded to the first news of war. It was not that they failed to contribute to an understanding of it—there were enough good things said to call to mind the thought that nobody in any field made much sense about the war. But the first page, given over to reports of battles vague and distant, gave the impression that the war was a matter of oil slicks on the surface. The great technical innovation of the wire photo turned out to be primarily useful in communicating pictures of Hitler, von Ribbentrop and Ciano, each looking blurred and watery, as if he had lain out in the rain for some time. The feverish attempt of the press to compete with the terse bulletins of the radio created ridiculous situations—a report that Norwegian fishermen had heard heavy firing became the second Battle of Jutland.

If the people were disturbed by the outbreak of war, the performance of the papers seemed likely to leave them dissatisfied, if not distraught. If they felt trapped—if they sensed the fatal sequence of depression developing into war, and war into revolution—nothing in the press seemed substantial and programmatic; nothing in the press was calculated to allay their fears or to steel them for whatever the future had to offer. Life itself seemed missing from these pages, sacrificed for vague accounts of impending doom for someone, for blurred photographs of God knows what and columns of speculation on what might happen as a result.

And on through the rest of the paper the same queer unreality lay over the news: in the society columns with their reports of weddings that were always brilliant and parties that were always gay. On Saturday, under Religion, the texts for tomorrow's sermons were announced, and on Monday there were brief quotations—generally of the most prudent nature—from the more memorable ones. To think of Society as the newspapers do, as a sequence of parties, weddings, divorces and club-meetings involving a few people in each town, is bad enough. But to think of morals as organized religion, in a period of a great moral upheaval, and then not even discuss the conflicts of the organizations; to think of housing as real estate, with the regular noting of extensive building in the suburbs, and of the intellectual life as book reviews

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rather than the conflict of ideas; to pour great passion and eloquence into the sports pages, and, under business, give a stately and measured account of the week's leading bankruptcy—nothing is sacrificed in all this except life itself, and far more than in war it is difficult to see what is gained by its sacrifice.

There is a kind of Gresham's law in journalism. It is not exactly that bad news drives out good, but that an inexact statement of an issue, or an inaccurate description of a scene, tends to circulate more rapidly than their more honest counterparts. Sensationalism, violence, lurid imagery, the deliberate manipulation of information and photographs to create disgust or fear, the systematic exploitation of the sexual taboos of Americans, the conscious elevation of murders and crimes of perversion from their proper place as one dark aspect of man's activity to overshadow his peaceful life; the presentation of absolute alternatives in discussions of public affairs, coupled with feverish pronouncements that a course other than the one advocated will lead to disaster—these things are the debased coinage of journalism. To these should be added the ghoulish prophets of economic fatality, whose writings bear the same relation to the modern world as the sermons of the revivalists bore to New England when they scared their victims into hysteria with their lurid pictures of hell. This debased coinage stands for a different mentality; it circulates around and within a more responsible kind of journalism, undermining its values rather than attempting a direct assault. But its greatest menace is that it makes more difficult the dramatization of the excitements and ironies of the common life.

The terrific assault on common sense represented by the theory that only the exceptional makes news is a measure of how difficult it is to communicate a sense of the value of the normal and habitual. And in every newspaper office the men who set out in search of normal life seem always to come back with more oddities. Somehow the searchers for local color are drawn as if by a magnet to the picturesque operator of the tattooing parlor or to the morgue. Somehow the radical who sets out to see the country and check with his own eyes the reality of his doctrine, finds himself in some bleak Harlan County of the spirit, where the houses are all falling down and all the strikes are lost. And somehow those who are determined at any cost to be affirmative seem to be forever noting approvingly the hard common sense of the American farmer, the underlying simplicity of the American business man, the good humor of the workman, the disinterestedness of the engineer and physician, and to sit as uneasily as an outsider at some perpetual Kiwanis luncheon, smiling with embarrassed approval at the speeches and songs.

The press has lost much of its dynamic political function, and has found no way to refresh itself in the life that swirls around it. It has become an institution and refuses to admit that it has become one. It is a vast, vibrant and highly keyed organization with little to do. If it attempts political action, it can only adopt negative attitudes; if it persists in them, like Hearst, it is driven to more savage and more shocking dramatizations of its own frustration. It suffers from a lack of raw materials, and unless it chains its power to the normal and everyday life of the people, its organization lacks any purpose compatible with its strength.

If the Right has no interest in these teeming day-to-day dramas, there is no purpose in blaming the Right, for the Left has given it no precedents. If the Right has libeled this life by calling it humdrum or dull, or patronized it, the Left has echoed with a series of atrocity stories that out-Hearst Hearst. Upton Sinclair's bold challenge (in "The Brass Check") was effective in forcing the press to modify its tactics when it was a politically effective force; but the picture he gave presented the press as so rigid and so vast as to produce a feeling of hopelessness rather than a program of action. The Communists modeled their press on the worst performances of those they presented as their enemy, and in their hysteria, vindictiveness and fatalism belonged with Hearst rather than with the working class which, like Hearst, they claimed to represent. If the Newspaper Guild has given newspapermen a sense of organization, it has failed to give them a sense of individual possibilities and responsibilities, or to communicate from one man to another a clear evaluation of his paper in the huge organization of the press, a clear evaluation of his role in it, a sense of the ways of action open to him or a program on which he can act. In the absence of these, the political and social moods of journalists tend to range from complete futility to puerile and semi-conspiratorial attempts to put some cherished course across, or to prevent some attack upon it.

Herbert Croly said that when the Civil War broke out the country was flooded with bad advice that had its origin in the twenty years of moral evasion that preceded it. The American reaction to the fact of war is in one sense a first payment for the waste of possibilities that is represented by those portraits of débutantes who all look alike, the interviews with returning travelers who all say the same thing—for the refusal to use the opportunity to build up a picture of reality that could be rigorous and unsparing without being fatalistic. Not since Balzac's time have the details and the routines of journalism been as charged with meaning as they are now. It has taken the example of the totalitarian press, systematically shocking, sickening and demoralizing the people, to make us see the same forces at work in this country, and to set up to counter it a concept of journalistic enterprise based simply on a sense of the value of the common life.

ROBERT CANTWELL

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A Farewell to the 1930's

JUST AS THE 1920's were the post-war decade, so the 1930's were post-boom and post-crash. Just as the 1920's were ended by the depression, so the 1930's were ended by the new war in Europe. It is a neat pattern that we have to consider: a decade that actually lasted for nine years and ten months, that began on October 29, 1929—Black Thursday—and ended on the early morning of September 1, 1939, when the German armies marched into Poland; or perhaps had already ended on August 23, with the news of the Russo-German pact. The decade began for many writers with a sense of relief; they had been unhappy in the boom days, which were dominated by their enemies, the business men. It ended with a sense of defeat and disillusionment, when they saw the world falling into the hands of their other enemies, the generals and the power politicians. As one writer said, laying down his copy of The New York Times, "You can't expect good news in an earthquake."

There has never been a period when literary events followed so closely on the flying coat-tails of social events. In ordinary times, it takes a man of long memory to recognize that such and such a book may have been inspired by such and such a political struggle, now generally forgotten. The novels that we connect with the Populist movement were published in the early 1900's; the movement itself had been shattered in 1896, at the end of Bryan's first campaign. But during the 1930's, the time between event and expression was so short that no one could miss their connection—and least of all the author himself. The Gastonia strike was fought and broken in 1929; during the first three years of the crisis there were at least six novels and two plays with Gastonia as their background. As for the crisis itself, there was no end to its literary echoes. Almost all the books published after 1932 belonged to the literature of the depression, in the sense that they either revealed its effect on their authors, or studied its causes, or tried to evade it by fleeing to the ends of the earth and the depths of time—only to return with a lesson for tomorrow.

Yet the crisis in general is not much help to us in describing and separating the literary currents of the 1930's; it explains entirely too much. Before using it as a basis for interpretation, we have to divide it into three different clusters or series of events. There are first the political and social struggles rising out of the crisis—the strikes and demonstrations, the growth of radical and fascist groups, the fight over the New Deal. There are second the events resulting from the new position of the United States in world affairs, which in turn resulted from the crisis in Europe and left this country as the greatest and perhaps the last stronghold of bourgeois democracy. Last of all are the events connected with the closing of the frontier in American business—that is, the growth of larger corporations at the expense of smaller ones, the narrowing opportunities for pecuniary success and the changes that followed in middle-class ideals. Each cluster of events has been the background for hundreds of novels, essays, poems, plays; and each of them should be discussed in turn.

The political and social struggles that I mentioned were mirrored in proletarian writing—or, to use a milder academic term, in the literature of social protest. Strikes born of hunger and desperation were among the features of the new decade; and strikes were the usual subject of the earlier proletarian novels. The cotton mills, the coal mines, the garment industry, the California orchards, the West Coast lumber mills and logging camps, were assaulted each in its turn; in those days literature was a weapon of attack. Weapons grow to resemble one another; and very soon these strike novels began to follow a pattern almost as rigid and conventional as that of a Petrarchan sonnet. The hero was usually a young worker, honest, naïve and politically undeveloped. Through intolerable mistreatment, he was driven to take part in a strike. Always the strike was ruthlessly suppressed, and usually its leader was killed. But the young worker, conscious now of the mission that united him to the whole working class, marched on toward new battles.

In part this story reflected the pattern of actual strikes, like that in Gastonia. In part it echoed the slogans of the Communists in days when their chief contact with industrial workers was through the small revolutionary unions they had organized in fields where the struggle was so bitter and hopeless that ordinary trade unions were frightened off. In those days the Communists never won a big strike; and except in the fur trade they rarely or never succeeded in holding the gains sometimes made in smaller strikes. Their plan must have been to march on from defeat to defeat, always training more recruits—like the young worker of the strike novel—till they were strong enough to face the final conflict.

Midway in the 1930's, the Communist Party changed its policy, dissolved its revolutionary unions, softened its attacks on middle-class liberals and tried to win over all men of good will. It made converts of some writers and influenced many others, directly or indirectly. That helps to explain a literary development for which there were other causes as well. Briefly, the proletarian novelists began writing with greater freedom, finding different subjects and experimenting in

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new forms. There were sharecropper novels—of which "Tobacco Road" was the first and best—and shanty-Irish novels like "Studs Lonigan." There were industrial novels in which the subject, instead of being a strike, was the daily monotony and seasonal insecurity of the men on the assembly line. There were intimate novels of working-class life, with the class struggle present only as a dim but pervasive background. There were collective novels in which the hero was not an individual but a group, usually the workers of a single factory or town. The most ambitious book of the decade —"U.S.A.," by John Dos Passos—was a collective novel in which the hero was the country as a whole.

From the very beginning, the novels of social protest received a critical attention that was out of all proportion to their popularity, considering that very few had a sale of more than 2,500 copies. Even the worst of them were extravagantly praised in the left-wing press; even the best were bitterly attacked not only by conservatives but also by dissident radicals and former radicals. By 1936 a whole chorus was chanting that proletarian literature was dead and buried. Yet it was not until 1939 that a proletarian novel, "Christ in Concrete," received an almost official recognition by being chosen as a Book of the Month. Another proletarian novel, "The Grapes of Wrath," was not only a best seller but the most widely read book of the year.

I do not think it is the absolutely superb novel that some critics have called it. The plot is too weak for that—at least in the last two hundred pages—and the ending is theatrical and inconclusive. Yet it shows how proletarian literature had refined itself in the ten preceding years; had built itself a method, a tradition and finally a public. Although "The Grapes of Wrath" is by no means an imitative book, it could not have been written without a whole series of experiments to guide its author—for example those of Dos Passos, which must have suggested the interludes used to broaden the story of the Joads into that of a whole people; and those of William Faulkner in "As I Lay Dying," where a sharecropping family travels obstinately with a corpse; and the drawling conversation of "Tobacco Road"; and the violence of Steinbeck's earlier novel, "In Dubious Battle," where he first wrote about a strike among the fruit pickers—not to speak of what he learned from documentary films like "The Plow That Broke the Plains" and "The River." A whole literature is summarized in this book, and much of it is carried to a new level of excellence.

A second cluster of events that affected literature during the 1930's grew out of our relations to the rest of the world. First it was the Russian Five Year Plan that impressed us, then the rise of Hitler that frightened us, then the war in Spain that engaged our sympathies. As crisis followed crisis in Europe; as parliaments were silenced and labor unions suppressed, people began to feel that this was one of the few countries able to solve its problems by democratic methods. But they also felt that our security was threatened—vaguely at first by fascism, then more definitely by war —and many decided that our fate was bound up with that of Europe and the world. Others preached our duty to stand apart, but that in itself was proof of our involvement. In the days when isolation was a fact and not a doctrine, nobody bothered to talk about it.

That is the general background, but the international situation also affected writers in their own persons. The depression brought hundreds of them home from Europe. Though their reason for returning was in many cases merely that their money had run out, they showed the usual tendency of writers to find historical motives and make a necessary action appear as a free and long premeditated choice. They rediscovered America, in one book after another, and it was a different America from the country they had deserted early in the 1920's. To carry the process one step farther, European writers began to follow them westward, as political refugees or tourists, so that New York became a capital of world literature. Its importance began to be recognized abroad.

The effect of these events can be traced in hundreds of books. For example, it is evident in the long series of goodbyes—to Paris, to the south of France, to Majorca, to Moscow, to China—that were published after 1934. Most of them were written in an elegiac tone, but still with the feeling that America was somehow better and was at any rate our country. Again it is evident in the books dealing with the wars in Spain and China, by American observers or participants. It is evident in the anti-fascist novels, not all of which are melodramas. It is evident in the memoirs of foreign correspondents, among which Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" is still by far the best. But it is also hidden in books where world affairs are not directly treated, but where they deeply affect the intellectual and emotional background. Americans have begun to write with their eyes on the world overseas.

The third cluster of events was connected with the closing of the business frontier. Competition among small corporations was giving way to price-fixing and the division of territory among big corporations; in a word, risk and change were giving way to a small-visioned stability. What this means in terms of corporate structures, dividends, prices and wages has been studied in a whole series of economic monographs. What it means in terms of daily life has still to be explored. The truth seems to be that during the last ten years, the American middle class has slowly built up a different set of ideals. Once the whole aim was getting ahead, with hard work and privation willingly endured as the price of ultimate success. Now, as opportunities in business become fewer and less dramatic,

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the aim is security at a somewhat lower level—that and making the best of what one has. America is beginning to resemble Europe before the First World War. There is a growing interest in the amenities of life—in cooking and gardening and decoration, in bridge and croquet, in neighborhood gossip and community affairs. There is a growing determination to hold on to one's position in society; and there is a corresponding fear of change, of the private or public misfortunes that might lead to losing one's job.

The effects on literature of this process are a little harder to trace than those of the social struggles that began with the depression. Obviously we are dealing here with the middle class rather than the proletariat, and with a state of mind rather than the events that produced it. But the state of mind is revealed in a whole group of books—like "Rich Land, Poor Land" and "Deserts on the March"—that call for the preservation of our natural resources. And it is revealed even more strikingly, I think, in the popularity of historical novels and dramas. "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" was the most successful play of 1939; "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind" were the two most successful novels of the decade—and of the century as well, in dollar volume of sales. A man rising in the world is not concerned with history; he is too busy making it. But a citizen with a fixed place in the community wants to acquire a glorious past just as he acquires antique furniture. By that past he is reassured of his present importance; in it he finds strength to face the dangers that lie in front of him.

It is still too early to judge the literature of the 1930's, qualitatively and comparatively. The lasting works, those built, so to say, in stone, have not yet been disengaged from the plywood and tarpaper shacks that surround them. In 1905, hardly anyone could have guessed that the most important novel of that decade was a half-forgotten book called "Sister Carrie," printed in a first edition of a thousand copies, most of which were then gathering dust in a publisher's warehouse. In 1939 we may be equally blind or ill informed as to the important books of the decade that has just ended. Yet certain features of those years can already be recorded. They will be known, I think, as lean years for poetry, with no major figures appearing. They will be known as middling rich years for the novel. They will be known as decidedly rich years for autobiography, and as lively years for criticism. They will be known as the years when Crane and Wolfe, those two heraldic beasts, projected their vast legends of America, without supplying the knowledge or sympathy that might have filled in the bold outlines created by an act of will. They will be known as the years of the hard-boiled novel. They will be known as the years when general magazines declined—and the profession of literary free-lance along with them—and when most of the comfortable incomes earned by writers were earned in Hollywood. They will be known as years when the public standing of literature improved, as a result of the greater leisure for reading. Beyond that, it is hard to fix their value. To me they seem more interesting than the 1920's and comparable in many respects with the period that preceded the First World War, though probably less fruitful.

And now they have ended, by an act of statesmanship, an act of violence and an act of the calendar.

As for the literature of the next ten years, I should prefer to write about it in 1949. It will continue to mirror what is happening in the world at large—that much is safe to say. Yet even if we had before us a complete chart of historical events during the 1940's, we still could not predict the nature of the poems and novels that such events would inspire; too much of literature depends on individual talent and simple human perversity. There will always be writers who

> So much despise the crowd, that if the throng
> By chance goes right, they purposely go wrong.

Normally we may expect that the principal tendencies of the 1930's will continue during the following decades, until they have exhausted their possibilities or, more likely, their public appeal, or else are halted by some such catastrophe as our entrance into the war, in 1917, which was the effective end of what used to be called the American renaissance. The new war in Europe may be the occasion for such a catastrophe. But whatever happens, we may expect that newer tendencies will also be followed. For example, one can foresee a literature of disillusionment that was announced by Dos Passos' "Adventures of a Young Man" and that will certainly be encouraged by the mood growing out of the Russo-German pact. And one can foresee a new mysticism, already indicated by the growing interest in novelists like Kafka.

Whether great books will be written, no one can say. The only statement to be ventured is that we now have certain conditions for great books that were formerly lacking. As late as 1920, this country continued to labor under the domination of English standards and under a sense of inferiority that sometimes took the form of aggressive nationalism. The intelligent reading public was comparatively small; the amateur censors were active. There were many writers of talent, but few of professional seriousness and trained competence. All that has been changed in the last twenty years. Perhaps the greatest difference is in the number of writers who, by permanent standards, are second-rate, and yet are intelligent and determined to do their best work. Although they will never produce great books, they help to produce them, by creating the necessary background and the nourishing tradition. In such men lies the promise of American literature.

MALCOLM COWLEY

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America Was Promises

Who is the voyager in these leaves?
Who is the traveler in this journey
Deciphers the revolving night: receives
The signal from the light returning?

America was promises to whom?

East were the
Dead kings and the remembered sepulchres:
West was the grass.
The groves of the oaks were at evening.
Eastward are the nights where we have slept.

And we move on: we move down:
With the first light we push forward:
We descend from the past as a wandering people from mountains.
We cross into the day to be discovered.
The dead are left where they fall—at dark
At night late under the coverlets.
We mark the place with the shape of our teeth on our fingers.
The room is left as it was: the love

Who is the traveler in these leaves these
Annual waters and beside the doors
Jonquils: then the rose: the eaves
Heaping the thunder up: the mornings
Opening on like great valleys
Never till now approached: the familiar trees
Far off: distant with the future:
The hollyhocks beyond the afternoons:
The butterflies over the ripening fruit on the balconies:
And all beautiful
All before us

America was always promises.
From the first voyage and the first ship there were promises—
'the tropic bird which does not sleep at sea'
'the great mass of dark heavy clouds which is a sign'
'the drizzle of rain without wind which is a sure sign'
'the whale which is an indication'
'the stick appearing to be carved with iron'
'the stalk loaded with roseberries'
'and all these signs were from the west'
'and all night heard birds passing.'

Who is the voyager on these coasts?
Who is the traveler in these waters
Expects the future as a shore: foresees
Like Indies to the west the ending—he
The rumor of the surf intends?

America was promises—to whom?

Jefferson knew:
Declared it before God and before history:
Declares it still in the remembering tomb.
The promises were Man's: the land was his—
Man endowed by his Creator:
Earnest in love: perfectible by reason:
Just and perceiving justice: his natural nature
Clear and sweet at the source as springs in trees are.
It was Man the promise contemplated.
The times had chosen Man: no other:
Bloom on his face of every future:
Brother of stars and of all travelers:
Brother of time and of all mysteries:
Brother of grass also: of fruit trees.
It was Man who had been promised: who should have.
Man was to ride from the Tidewater: over the Gap:
West and South with the water: taking the book with him:
Taking the wheat seed: corn seed: pip of apple:
Building liberty a farmyard wide:
Breeding for useful labor: for good looks:
For husbandry: humanity: for pride—
Practising self-respect and common decency.

And Man turned into men in Philadelphia
Practising prudence on a long-term lease:
Building liberty to fit the parlor:
Breeding for crystal on the frontroom shelves:
Just and perceiving justice by the dollar:
Patriotic with the bonds at par
(And their children's children brag of their deeds for the Colonies).
Man rode up from the Tidewater: over the Gap:
Turned into men: turned into two-day settlers:
Lawyers with the land-grants in their caps:
Coon-skin voters wanting theirs and getting it.

Turned the promises to capital: invested it.

America was always promises—
'the wheel like a sun as big as a cart wheel
with many sorts of pictures on it
the whole of fine gold'

'twenty golden ducks
beautifully worked and very natural looking
and some like dogs of the kind they keep'

And they waved us west from the dunes: they cried out
Colua! Colua!
Mexico! Mexico! . . . Colua!

America was promises to whom?

Old Man Adams knew. He told us—
An aristocracy of compound interest
Hereditary through the common stock!

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We'd have one sure before the mare was older.
"The first want of every man was his dinner:
The second his girl." Kings were by the pocket.
Wealth made blood made wealth made blood made wealthy.
Enlightened selfishness gave lasting light.
Winners bred grandsons: losers only bred!

And the Aristocracy of politic selfishness
Bought the land up: bought the towns: the sites:
The goods: the government: the people. Bled them.
Sold them. Kept the profit. Lost itself.

The Aristocracy of Wealth and Talents
Turned its talents into wealth and lost them.
Turned enlightened selfishness to wealth.
Turned self-interest into bankbooks: balanced them.
Bred out: bred to fools: to hostlers:
Card sharps: well dressed women: dancefloor doublers.
The Aristocracy of Wealth and Talents
Sold its talents: bought the public notice:
Drank in public: went to bed in public:
Patronized the arts in public: pal'd with
Public authors public beauties: posed in
Public postures for the public page.
The Aristocracy of Wealth and Talents
Withered of talent and ashamed of wealth
Bred to sonsinlaw: insane relations:
Girls with open secrets: sailors' Galahads:
Prurient virgins with the tales to tell:
Women with dead wombs and living wishes.

The Aristocracy of Wealth and Talents
Moved out: settled on the Continent:
Sat beside the water at Rapallo:
Died in a rented house: unwept: unhonored.

And the child says I see the lightning on you.

The weed between the railroad tracks
Tasting of sweat: tasting of poverty:
The bitter and pure taste where the hawk hovers:
Native as the deer bone in the sand

O my America for whom?

For whom the promises? For whom the river
"It flows west! Look at the ripple of it!"
The grass "So that it was wonderful to see
And endless without end with wind wonderful!"
The Great Lakes: landless as oceans: their beaches
Coarse sand: clean gravel: pebbles:
Their bluffs smelling of sunflowers: smelling of surf:
Of fresh water: of wild sunflowers . . . wilderness.
For whom the evening mountains on the sky:
The night wind from the west: the moon descending?

Tom Paine knew.
Tom Paine knew the People.
The promises were spoken to the People.
History was voyages toward the People.
Americas were landfalls of the People.
Stars and expectations were the signals of the People.

Whatever was truly built the People had built it.
Whatever was taken down they had taken down.
Whatever was worn they had worn—ax-handles: fiddle-bows:
Sills of doorways: names for children: for mountains:
Whatever was long forgotten they had forgotten—
Fame of the great: names of the rich and their mottos.
The People had the promises: they'd keep them.
They waited their time in the world: they had wise sayings.
They counted out their time by day to day.
They counted it out day after day into history.
They had time and to spare in the spill of their big fists.
They had all the time there was like a handful of wheat seed.
When the time came they would speak and the rest would listen.

And the time came and the People did not speak.

The time came: the time comes: the speakers
Come and these who speak are not the People.
These who speak with gunstocks at the doors:
These the coarse ambitious priest
Leads by the bloody fingers forward:
These who reach with stiffened arm to touch
What none who took dared touch before:
These who touch the truth are not the People.

These the savage fables of the time
Lick at the fingers as a bitch will waked at morning:
These who teach the lie are not the People.

The time came: the time comes

Comes and to whom? To these? Was it for these
The surf was secret on the new-found shore?
Was it for these the branch was on the water?—
These whom all the years were toward
The golden images the clouds the mountains?

Never before: never in any summer:
Never were days so generous: stars so mild:
Even in old men's talk or in books or remembering
Far back in a gone childhood
Or farther still to the light where Homer wanders—
The air all lucid with the solemn blue
That hills take at the distance beyond change. . . .
That time takes also at the distances.

Never were there promises as now:
Never was green deeper: earth warmer:
Light more beautiful to see: the sound of
Water lovelier: the many forms of
Leaves: stones: clouds: beasts: shadows
Clearer: more admirable: or the faces
More like answering faces or the hands
Quicker: more brotherly: the aching taste of
Time more salt upon the tongue: more human

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Never in any summer: and to whom?

At dusk: by street lights: in the rooms we ask this.

We do not ask for Truth now from John Adams.
We do not ask for Tongues from Thomas Jefferson.
We do not ask for Justice from Tom Paine.
We ask for answers. And there is an answer.

There is Spain Austria Poland China Bohemia.
There are dead men in the pits in all those countries.
Their mouths are silent but they speak. They say
"*The promises are theirs who take them.*"

Listen! Brothers! Generation!
Listen! You have heard these words. Believe it!
Believe the promises are theirs who take them!

Believe unless we take them for ourselves
Others will take them for the use of others!

Believe unless we take them for ourselves
All of us: one here: another there:
Men not Man: people not the People:
Hands: mouths: arms: eyes: not syllables—
Believe unless we take them for ourselves

Others will take them: not for us: for others!

Believe unless we take them for ourselves
Now: soon: by the clock: before tomorrow:
Others will take them: not for now: for longer!

Listen! Brothers! Generation!
Companions of leaves: of the sun: of the slow evenings:
Companions of the many days: of all of them:
Listen! Believe the speaking dead! Believe
The journey is our journey. O believe
The signals were to us: the signs: the birds by
Night: the breaking surf. . . .

Believe
America is promises to
Take!

America is promises to
Us
To take them
Brutally
With love but
Take them.

O believe this!

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

The Future of the American Farm

In early August I received from the editors of The New Republic a letter suggesting that they would like to receive as my part in a symposium an article on "The Future of the American Farm." The article which I prepared at that time is just as sound today, I believe, as when it was written. But in view of the world-shaking events of September, I am adding the following three paragraphs as an essential preliminary to the more fundamental discussion of the long-time future of the American farm.

The European conflict will probably affect the demand for farm products in the year 1940 much less than most people anticipate. Almost certainly there will be greater exports of lard and pork products in 1940 than in 1939. But in view of the large Canadian wheat crop, it is quite possible that our wheat exports in 1940 may be somewhat less than in 1939. So far as cotton is concerned, it must be remembered that ordinarily the increased military demand for cotton in time of war is not sufficient to offset the decreased civilian demand. The wool situation is somewhat different because the increased army demand for wool usually much more than offsets the decreased civilian demand.

If it should develop that in 1940 there will be much greater world demand for the farm products of the United States than we now anticipate, it would be possible to use the County Committees, the Ever Normal Granary, the Marketing Agreements and many other powers of the government which have been given to the Department of Agriculture by Congress, to bring about an astonishing increase in food products at the cost of the minimum of dislocation to our economic system and to our future soil fertility.

Price advances in farm products in time of war are so speculative and so temporary that the after effects are exceedingly disastrous not only to farmers but to the entire national economy. We hope, therefore, to make our plans to meet any emergency demand for food which may develop in such a way as to minimize as much as possible the back kick which comes later on. To do this work effectively we hope to receive the maximum support from all elements of our population, no matter what their political, regional or occupational background may be.

"Are we in for a future of mechanized farming on a big scale with farm laborers living in dormitories and taken to their work in buses and that sort of thing?" This was the most challenging of the many questions asked by the editors of The New Republic in order to stimulate in the mind of the Secretary of Agriculture a desire to write an article on the future of the farm.

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Undoubtedly there will be more mechanized farming, but increased mechanization may eventually mean more family-sized farms rather than fewer. For a time it seemed as though new inventions were helping the big farmer more than the small one. But increasingly there is an interest in inventions designed to make it possible for the small farmer to compete on a more even basis with the large one. This year two of the biggest corporations in the country have come out with announcements of greatly improved small tractors especially designed for farms which hitherto have not been able to use tractors in a practical way. The little "combine" for the small grain farmer has become a reality. Twice as many farms now have high-line electricity as had it five years ago. Special attention is being given to inventing devices which will enable the family-sized farmer to use electricity to better advantage. The steam engine and the factory based on steam collected people from the farms and put them in the cities. It is conceivable that rural electrification, the automobile and hard roads will eventually to some extent reverse the process. At any rate around the cities there will be a great increase in the number of "part-time farmers."

In many areas, however, the tendency toward larger farms operated with tractors will increase. In parts of the South a mule and a small plow cannot produce cotton as cheaply as a tractor. In wheat and corn we find a similar situation. It is impossible for the man who produces less than ten bales of cotton or 1,000 bushels of wheat or 1,500 bushels of corn as the main source of livelihood to earn a decent living.

In August of this year I asked an Iowa farmer operating 1,000 acres how many acres of corn he would cultivate with a four-row tractor cultivator. "Well," he said, "one of my men between sunrise and sunset cultivated ninety-two acres." This is about thirteen times as many acres as the ordinary man used to cultivate with a single-row horse-drawn cultivator. It must be remembered, of course, that with a tractor a man can work four or five hours longer than with a horse. A horse will work ten hours a day and has to rest occasionally, but in an emergency a man can keep a tractor going with little rest for fifteen hours a day. Even if a normal day's work with a four-row tractor cultivator is only forty-five acres, the fact remains that two-row and four-row tractors have replaced a lot of farm hands.

Exactly the same thing is happening with cotton in the Mississippi Delta, in Texas and in Oklahoma. In wheat the combine has practically completed its work of replacing migrant labor. Those who remain are able to enjoy a higher standard of living because their labor is more productive in terms of bushels of grain and bales of cotton, but thousands who have been tractored off the farm face dire necessity. The net effect on the sum total of human happiness would be all to the good provided only that those who have been tractored off could find jobs elsewhere at productive labor.

So much has been said about tractors on grain and cotton farms that the conclusion is too readily reached that technological forces are altogether on the side of larger farms. It is possible, and I believe probable, once public interest is aroused, to throw the force of technological invention decisively on the side of decentralization and family-sized farms in the general farming areas where poultry, dairy, fruits and vegetables are emphasized. All that is needed is a genuine awakening of public interest. This awakening, I believe, has started.

In Triple-A legislation Congress has repeatedly shown a desire to use federal power on behalf of the small farmer at the expense of the large one. Small farmers are paid a higher rate per acre or bushel for complying with AAA regulations than large farmers. Very small farmers are given special exemptions in the case of marketing quotas. In referenda, the vote of the small farmer counts for exactly as much as the vote of the large farmer. More and more, thoughtful people in the United States appreciate what was long ago made a part of continuing public policy in France—that an enduring nation can be built only on the foundation of a prosperous farming class operating farms which in the main are family-sized.

The federal government therefore is showing an ever increasing interest in the farm-tenancy problem and it is inevitable that in time the present farm-tenancy laws will be expanded. Federal and state pressure will combine either to stop the increase in tenancy or to make it possible for tenants who farm properly to continue on the same farm under long-term lease. Because the problem cannot be solved by federal action alone, the various states will find it necessary to step into the field of land-and-tenancy legislation much more decisively than heretofore. Some states will doubtless experiment with differential land taxation, taxing large farms at a higher rate than family-sized ones. It is important that work in this field be done to a considerable extent on a state basis because the definition of a family-sized farm varies so from state to state. In the Great Plains it may take 5,000 acres of land to make a very modest family-sized farm, whereas in the Southeast 100 acres may be sufficient.

In parts of the country, it is more important to get rid of farms which are too small than to break up farms which are too large. It is no favor to the land or the farmer or the future of the United States to induce people to continue to farm forty acres of poor land under conditions where it is impossible for anyone to make a decent living. There are close to two million farms of this sort in the United States operated by families who desperately need to get work either from neighboring farmers, from city factories or from decentralized industry brought closer to the farm. City

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unemployment hurts these people and their children worse than any other type of farmer.

I am hoping therefore that those inventors who are inspired by the possibilities implicit in Rural Electrification will devise inventions which will increasingly decentralize industry. The Ford efforts along this line are faintly suggestive of what is possible. Up to 1750, most of the significant inventions had to do with cottage industries on the small farm. Since that time the effort has more and more been made to devise inventions for city factories. It is time now to direct inventive attention to the possibilities in inventions which decentralize rather than those which centralize. This change in inventive direction is not only desirable but in my opinion more or less inevitable in most industries. Excessive monopolistic practices in the cities both by business and labor will place an increasing premium on inventions designed to break monopolies and excessive distribution costs.

The editors of The New Republic also ask, "What is the future of American export of farm products? Must we face the expectation that it will stop in a comparatively few years?"

This is a very searching question in view of the fact that last year Germany took from the United States less than one percent of her customary American imports of lard and only 14 percent of her customary imports of American cotton. England took only 53 percent of her customary American imports of lard and 52 percent of cotton. In the case of wheat, last year we exported to the outside world even with the subsidy only 55 percent of the amount we exported during the average year in the decade of the twenties. In the face of our high tariffs foreign nations have found it impossible to buy normal quantities of cotton, wheat, lard, fruits and tobacco unless we would provide dollar exchange for them by means of loans, gold and silver purchases, or subsidies.

The reciprocal-trade-agreement program previous to September 1, 1939, had helped the foreign demand for wheat, flour, lard, fruits and tobacco to a point which represented a market for perhaps 5,000,000 acres of American farm land. But helpful as the reciprocal trade agreements have been in reducing the decline in foreign demand for farm products, it is not reasonable to expect that they can go far enough in the face of present disturbed world conditions to restore the foreign demand which existed in the decade of the twenties or before the war. This is not the fault of those who are pushing the trade-agreement program. If blame rests on anyone in the United States it is on those who cry, "The American market for the American farmer," not realizing that for each million acres of home markets they might pick up by such a policy of higher tariffs, they would lose several million acres of foreign markets and thereby make necessary even more radical adjustments in our acreages of wheat, cotton, tobacco and corn than have been accomplished in the past seven years. The policy of the tariff demagogues would tend to hurt worst those farmers who have already suffered most from the worldwide depression. However, no one in the United States is to blame nearly as much as the dictators who by their control of exchange, their barter agreements and subsidized exports have reduced farm-product exports from the United States very seriously.

Our present foreign policy, which I believe has the enthusiastic backing of the great majority of American people, nevertheless has the disadvantage of working against the restoration of foreign markets for our exportable farm products. It will be cheaper and more satisfactory all the way around if we fight the dictators with economic weapons and compensate the American farmer for readjusting to lost markets instead of going to the hideous expense of actual warfare in another hemisphere.

We are exceedingly interested in international commodity conferences, especially in wheat and cotton. Until the world situation becomes clearer, we hope to hold on to a portion of the market which we formerly enjoyed abroad in wheat and cotton by using subsidies if necessary. We do not intend by using subsidies to obtain a larger foreign market than we formerly enjoyed. Recognizing that subsidies when used beyond a certain point are economic warfare, we believe it desirable to limit our export-subsidy policy by some such formula as the following:

"We will not use export subsidies on products which hitherto have not had much of an export trade."

There is reasonable justification for the temporary use of export subsidies in the case of wheat and cotton. Liverpool wheat prices this summer were the lowest in three hundred and fifty years. If it had not been for the loan-and-subsidy policy in the United States, wheat on Kansas farms would have been down to 25 cents a bushel. The actual price because of the loan-and-export policy was about 60 cents. Sixty cents is a low price, but it is far too high to permit of exports. In the latter half of the decade of the twenties we exported on the average about 20 percent of the wheat that moved in world wheat trade. It would be economic warfare to use export subsidies to gain more than 20 percent of the world wheat trade. But if we use export subsidies to hold on to 20 percent of the world trade and at the same time use the loan to hold up domestic prices to 55 percent of parity, no foreign nation can justly accuse us of export dumping. No city man in the United States can justly claim that the farmer is getting too high a price. The combination loan-and-export-subsidy program will probably keep us on the export market with a more uniform volume of exports year after year than any other program which is at all reasonable in social and economic costs. But this is not the long-term solu-

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tion. We hope eventually to get a successful international wheat agreement so that Canada, Argentina and Australia can protect their wheat farmers without excessive costs to their governments, without damage to the world consumers of wheat and without harm to the wheat producer in the United States.

In a general way the problem of cotton exports, cotton subsidies and cotton loans is similar to the situation in wheat. But the importance of exports is even greater than with wheat because our cotton exports in the latter half of the twenties represented 65 percent of the world cotton trade, whereas in the crop year ending August 1, our exports represented only 35 percent of the world trade. The cotton loan is only about 53 percent of parity, but nevertheless is nearly a cent and a half higher than the price which will meet the competition of foreign growths.

We can't let cotton prices in the United States drop below half of parity without damaging the cotton farmer beyond endurance. But neither can we allow another year to go by with only 35 percent of the world cotton trade. At the moment the combination of loan-and-export subsidy seems to be the only practical device to meet the situation. But here, too, we hope that the eventual constructive solution will be an international cotton agreement.

From a long-run point of view, the United States because of her high-tariff, creditor position, will probably have to reconcile herself to a somewhat smaller share in the international trade in farm products than she had before the last war or than she had in the twenties, when she created a false volume of foreign purchasing power by excessive foreign loans. It must be said, however, that the creditor position of the United States is not nearly so great now as it was ten years ago. At that time our net creditor position on private account amounted to about ten billion dollars and, in addition, foreign governments owed the United States government about twelve billion dollars of so-called war debts. Foreign countries paid us annually in interest charges and dividends about seven hundred and fifty million dollars more than we paid them, of which about two hundred million dollars annually was paid on the war debts. By the end of 1938, our net creditor position on private account had been reduced to something less than four billion dollars and practically all of the war debts were in default.

During 1938 foreigners paid us only three hundred and thirty-three million dollars more in interest charges and dividends than we paid them. In estimating the present net creditor position of the United States, bonds and preferred stock holdings are given their par value. If the average market price of these holdings is substituted for their par value, the net creditor position at the end of 1938 is reduced to only slightly more than three billion dollars. A large part of the reduction which has taken place in our creditor position during the past five years has, in effect, been brought about by exchanging foreign securities for gold and silver. During the year ending June 30, 1939, the United States helped to fatten the purchasing power of the outside world by buying almost four billion dollars' worth of gold and silver. Putting our assets into this form instead of into foreign securities reduced somewhat the problem of increasing our imports in order to expand our exports. If this process, together with the defaulting of foreign debts to us, continues, our creditor position will be wiped out.

This discussion of the creditor position of the United States has been solely for the purpose of making a guess at the fundamental position underlying our export trade. Summing up, it would seem that we can hold on to a considerable part of the export trade we had in the twenties, but not all of it.

For the time being, the most disturbing factor is the way in which the "dictator" nations use methods which make it impossible for them to buy from us in any great quantity. It is possible, of course, that the hatreds of Europe will break down the Old World civilization sufficiently so that never again will the same quantity of raw materials move from the New World into that great market. Debtor nations, afraid of war and threatened with unemployment, inevitably try to produce raw-material substitutes within their own borders, even though the cost is excessively high. They prefer to use their excess labor inefficiently rather than not at all.

Germany, Italy and Japan have been quite successful in inventing substitutes for cotton, wool and rubber. The costs are high, but not prohibitive in a totalitarian state. Such a state would oftentimes prefer to produce a substitute fiber for 20 cents a pound rather than buy cotton at 10 cents a pound. As long as it is using its own labor it can better afford to produce buna at 60 cents a pound than buy rubber at 20 cents a pound. Totalitarianism and technology combined can easily destroy a large part of the international trade in raw materials, and especially cotton. But whatever the total volume of cotton trade may be, it would seem that the United States should employ methods which will simultaneously enable her to obtain her historic share in the world trade and maintain the income of her farmers. Cotton is perhaps our most difficult agricultural problem, but we shall not accept a defeatist attitude.

We should try to regain our fair share of the world cotton trade by methods which best maintain the income of the farmer with the minimum cost to the United States Treasury. We should continue these efforts even at the cost of considerable money to the Treasury until international relationships return to normal or there is an international cotton agreement.

It is impossible to discuss the future of agriculture without considering the multitude of new technologies

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which are bound to flow from our science in increasing volume as long as our civilization holds together. I am not referring to hydroponics or the growing of plants in water-nutrient solutions. For a long time to come 99.9 percent of our crops will be grown in soil. Neither do I take any stock in the idea that man will beat plants at their game of using the power of the sun's rays to join carbon dioxide, water, nitrogen, calcium and phosphorus together in palatable form. The chances are altogether against such a discovery and if it should be made, the social effect of severing man more completely from the soil and the things which grow in it might be completely disintegrating. Intimate contact with growing things is one of the most precious aspects of farming as a way of life.

But it is not necessary to go to such extremes as hydroponics or chemical synthesis of food to appreciate the prospect of great technological changes in the future. This year, for example, at least twenty-five million acres of corn in the corn belt were planted to hybrid seed, which will produce a yield of at least one hundred and twenty-five million bushels more than if these acres had been planted to the kind of corn they were growing five years ago. This means that at least four million additional acres of hilly or poor corn land should be diverted to grass. This will save perhaps eighty million hours of man labor. Moreover, the stalks of hybrid corn are usually much stiffer, making the use of the corn-picker more practical. It is probable that there will be about forty thousand more corn-pickers at work in the corn belt in the fall of 1939 than there were in 1929. This means a reduction in the seasonal demand for labor of about one hundred thousand hired hands in the month of November.

The breeding of superior strains of drought-resistant wheat will make a tremendous difference in the Great Plains area of the Northwest. The new Thatcher wheat, which is grown this year for the first time on many millions of acres, is definitely resistant to stem rust. Other sorts which have not yet been introduced have been proved definitely superior to the Thatcher in resistance to both stem and leaf rust by the Department of Agriculture working in coöperation with the State Experiment Stations. Strangely enough, these new varieties trace back on one side of the pedigree to a kind of wheat known as Hope which was derived by crossing emmer and wheat. These new varieties, I am convinced, will have a great significance for the northern Great Plains five or ten years hence.

In the breeding of livestock we have just started the research work which eventually, in my opinion, will produce much the same results as hybrid corn. In the feeding of livestock we are continually discovering new vitamins. Rapidly there is emerging a new science of soil management, plant breeding, livestock breeding and livestock feeding. Advance in all these lines will be slow but the possibilities seem to be infinite.

This fall at Peoria, Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco, the United States Department of Agriculture will lay the cornerstones for four laboratories which will work systematically on the problems of industrial use of farm products. We want to do for agriculture what duPont has done for industry. No immediate solution of the farm problem will come from these laboratories. The claims of many chemists have been absurd. But in the long run I am convinced these laboratories will have very great significance. For instance, some day our petroleum supplies will be exhausted. Agriculture or coal will then in all probability furnish the necessary motor fuel. These laboratories can help prepare for that day to the eventual advantage both of agriculture and the automobile user. We have been accustomed to think of the products of the farm in terms mainly of food and clothing. But this complex civilization of ours has multiplied men's wants. Perhaps in our ignorance we have been overlooking some important domestic outlets for our crops. We shall not, at least, be content to remain ignorant.

In the Department of Agriculture we have begun a bold experiment in democracy. We are trying to put into practice the idea that in a democracy the economic decisions ought to be made by the people. We are slowly building a mechanism, county by county, in collaboration with the land-grant colleges and the Extension Service, by means of which farmers themselves will determine the elements of their total agricultural program, will decide how these elements may be welded together in one effective program, and, finally, will administer that program. We call this county planning. Actually, the farmers in any given county immediately see that they must interest themselves in forces and problems which go far beyond the county line. I am optimistic enough to believe that the farmer members of these county-planning committees will wrestle with the complex problems of agriculture as ably as do the most intelligent leaders of industrial and labor groups. Our job in the Department and in the colleges is to put the facts before them, and to abide by their decisions.

Finally, I want to emphasize the dependence of the future of farming on the course of industrial recovery. With reduced foreign outlets and with large potential agricultural production, prices of farm products in the markets will remain depressed as long as we remain at the present level of national income. There is now a gap between average incomes in the cities and average incomes of people on the land which is only partly being filled by government payments and price-supporting measures. Until we get at least 50 to 60 percent more industrial production or twenty-five billion dollars more added to our national income, the price and income-supporting devices that are now being employed in agriculture will need to be retained.

HENRY A. WALLACE

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The Future of the Middle West

When The New Republic was founded in 1914 the Middle West was properly regarded as the most significant and promising section of the United States. The human energy, originally drawn from New England, and reinforced by immigration from northern Europe, had exhibited in the states north of the Ohio and the Missouri its most striking triumphs. The group of pioneers in business who had established empires of distribution in furniture, clothes, hardware, meat, groceries, steel, oil, was passing, but their successors were coming forward. The mail-order houses had located in Chicago; and the automobile, which was to transform American life, was making its homes in Cleveland, Detroit and a dozen smaller cities. Samuel Insull was building a nationwide system of electric power which seemed destined to double for Chicago the importance which it still enjoyed as a center of railroad transportation. As a financial center the city put its influence behind the new Federal Reserve law, and was ready to challenge the supremacy of New York.

In politics the great hope which animated Herbert Croly and inspired the founding of The New Republic was born in the Middle West. The Progressive Movement, of which Wisconsin under the senior La Follette had given the typical example, had received a nationwide impetus in the campaign of 1912, but its home and peculiar strength lay in the group of Middle Western states which divided their votes between Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. The Bull Moose Party was collecting ammunition and strengthening its organization for 1916. Its dominaton of the Republican Party seemed more likely than its collapse.

In other respects the Middle West was in the lead. In education the impulse which took effect in the founding of new universities had communicated itself to older institutions. Though such universities as Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin have since far surpassed their former material development, they were then at the height of their cultural influence on the community. The Middle West has never been hospitable to such great private schools as dot Massachusetts and Connecticut. In consequence, the experiments in secondary and primary education initiated by Dewey and Parker sought and readily found expression in the public school. In the arts the founding of great collections of pictures in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, the establishment of orchestras of high worth in these and other cities, and the popular appreciation of both, were signs of the upsurge of democratic culture. In architecture the most original and creative work was being done by Louis Sullivan and his pupil, Frank Lloyd Wright.

The Middle West had already become the home of regionalism in American literature. Following Edward Eggleston in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Hamlin Garland portrayed pioneer life in Iowa, Henry B. Fuller dealt with urban Chicago, Booth Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson founded an Indiana School, Willa Cather and Dorothy Canfield celebrated Nebraska. In Burlington, Iowa, Floyd Dell, Susan Glaspell and Arthur D. Ficke, were in motion. Writers who later occupied the national field, such as Theodore Dreiser and Robert Herrick, took their rise in the Middle West, and the same region saw the emergence of the most significant poet of the first decade of the century in William Vaughn Moody. Two poets who belonged in a peculiar sense to the Middle West, Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee Masters, gave distinction to the second decade. Another literary venture which gave Chicago prominence in the literary world was the magazine Poetry, founded by Harriet Monroe. When the initial editorial board of The New Republic was being formed it was entirely in accord with the policy on which the paper was founded to look to the Middle West for a literary editor; and the choice of Francis Hackett, who had directed the literary supplement of The Chicago Evening Post, was most fortunate.

In respect to the outlook for labor the situation in the Middle West was favorable. After the great strikes of 1886 and 1894, a degree of stability had been reached in two great fields, transportation and mining. The Railroad Brotherhoods were the strongest labor organizations in the country, able soon to force such favorable legislation as the Adamson law. In Illinois the coal miners were completely organized in the United Mine Workers, with a membership of approximately 100,000, and exercised large powers in determining wages and working conditions. The organizing of the needle workers in the Amalgamated, which had its beginning in Chicago, was the most important advance made by labor at this time, especially noteworthy because of support by the consuming middle class.

The decline of the Middle West may be said to have begun with the War. It was a sure instinct which led this section to take the attitude, now approved by 75 percent of the entire population, that the participation of this country was a mistake. The Middle West, it is true, profited immensely during the War itself, but the expansion of industrial plant beyond normal requirements proved disastrous. Moreover, the plowing and planting of marginal land intensified the evil plight of agriculture, and inflicted the penalty of the

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dust bowl. Even during the period of recovery and speculation which followed the post-war setback, the liquidation of the farmer went on, and the depression found the Middle West ill prepared for its onset. The financial collapse of agriculture brought down the local banks. Independent distributing business, except in the large cities, was in full retreat before the chain stores. The surrender of financial independence to the East was accelerated.

This financial contest between the Middle West and the East was marked by engagements in several cities. In Detroit the effort of Eastern bankers to win control of the Ford Motor Company was defeated by Henry Ford's strong-arm tactics, forcing his sales agents everywhere to put their credit at his disposal. In Youngstown Mr. Cyrus S. Eaton fought a successful home-rule battle to prevent the Youngstown Steel and Tube Company from being absorbed by Bethlehem Steel. In Chicago the public-utilities empire of Insull is generally conceded to have been soundly projected on engineering lines. In his duel with Eastern financial interests, which sought to undermine his control of the operating companies underlying his holding companies, he was compelled to hand over to the banks as collateral the stocks already pledged as assets against which bonds had been issued. These same banks then sold the stocks, thereby wiping out the value of the bonds to the great loss of Middle Western investors.

In Cleveland the Van Sweringens, backed by Morgan and the New York Central, long sought to gain from the Interstate Commerce Commission authority to build a union station in the public square of that city, instead of on the lake front as projected by Mayor Tom L. Johnson. The Van Sweringens had built many inter-urban roads serving their real-estate ventures, and desired a station to accommodate them together with the railroads, with space for numerous concessions and air rights for a huge office building. In spite of the fact that the station in the public square involved miles of elevated tracks and a long curved tunnel, and was thus expensive to operate, the Commission granted permission. Of the railroads only the New York Central and its satellites agreed to the location, the former guaranteeing the interest on the bonds and the operating charges of the station. Perhaps $10,000,000 of the earnings of the road are required annually for this purpose, contributing to the deficit on which the New York Central habitually operates. The inter-urban lines have long since disappeared, the space for concessions is largely vacant, and the Van Sweringens are dead.

Will the Middle West maintain a mastery in its own house, or will it become, like the South, a financial dependency, its economic way of life largely determined by absentee control?

To turn to politics, it may be said that here the movement is hesitating and uncertain. The Middle West was the home of modern liberalism, distinguished by its economic outlook from the Mugwump liberalism of the last century. It enthusiastically supported the New Deal in the elections of 1932 and 1936. In 1938 the reaction dispossessed the Progressives in Wisconsin and the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, and carried Ohio and Michigan, Iowa and Kansas. It is too early to say whether these defeats for the liberal forces are anything more than a temporary check.

In Chicago, a brazenly corrupt ring holds the city in an unshakable grip. Mayor Kelly was engineer of the notorious Sanitary District board, and while his associates were indicted and even convicted, he escaped prosecution, it is believed by virtue of the intervention of the Cardinal and The Chicago Tribune. Full evidence of his record was published by The Chicago Examiner in photostat copies of his contracts. His conduct in office has been marked by the Memorial Day Massacre of the workers by the police, and the submission of the public schools to shameless political control. Yet he has twice been elected to his office by extraordinary majorities. The degradation of the city is complete. Even Big Bill Thompson could boast "I don't take it myself." On the other hand, in Kansas City the outrageous Pendergast machine has been overthrown. In Cincinnati the city manager still holds office by a margin of one vote in the Council, though Mr. Robert Taft would destroy good government in his home city in pursuit of an absurd presidential ambition.

In literature and art also the best that can be said for the Middle West is that it stands at the crossways. Since the war a new group of writers has appeared, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Albert Halper, Archibald MacLeish, James T. Farrell, John Dos Passos, Vincent Sheean, all of whom owe birth to the Middle West, as well as a whole school of novelists who represent the second stage of pioneering, the conquest of the prairie and growth of the soil. It must be admitted, however, that less and less is the Middle West sufficiently striking in local color or peculiar in local qualities to nourish the regionalism which earlier writers practised. The land has submitted more easily than New England, the South or the Far West to the standardizing and uniforming tendencies of modern life—the moving pictures, the radio, the national magazine. Writers use the native perch as a springboard into cosmopolitan interests. It is significant that two novelists who remain in Chicago, Janet Ayer Fairbank and Margaret Ayer Barnes, have done their best work in depicting a memorable and gracious past. In painting and drama, however, the local universities still maintain a strong regional bias. At the University of Oklahoma the Indian culture is preserved in art and literature, and at the University of Iowa the pupils of Grant Wood have become a genuine school of prairie art.

The Middle West is today the scene of the most important development in the labor movement since

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the unionizing of the needle workers. This is the establishment of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and its separation from the American Federation of Labor. The first great triumph of the former was the successful strike of the automobile workers against the General Motors Corporation. The use of the new technique of the sitdown strike, imported from France, signalized this strike and threatened to revolutionize the labor movement. Its abandonment, in view of the drastic action of the courts and the financial liabilities assessed against the union, has apparently brought this chapter of labor history to an end.

The second triumph of the CIO was the unionization of the plants of the U. S. Steel Corporation. This success was in a measure offset by the failure of the strike against the Bethlehem, Republic and National companies, in which employers put into force all known methods of suppression, including economic blockade of the workers and the Memorial Day massacre.

The conflict between the CIO and the AFL is especially bitter in the Middle West, lending a new element of violence to the labor struggle. The CIO inherited a war in the coal fields of Illinois between the United Mine Workers and the Progressive Miners of America, in which a score of deaths have occurred, mostly in the latter body, which is now affiliated with the AFL. The extension of both organizations to clerical, office and educational workers has been marked. In Chicago the Teachers' Union (AFL) boasts of the largest local in the labor movement, something over 8,000 members, and constitutes a pressure group which might play a decisive part in rescuing the schools from the political domination of the Kelly-Nash machine. The Newspaper Guild (CIO) has fought a notable battle in Milwaukee, and is now engaged in the greatest struggle of its history against the Hearst papers in Chicago. The division which is bringing the labor movement to confusion within and contempt without is especially in evidence here through the open assistance given to the Hearst interests by the Chicago Federation of Labor. The present state of the labor movement in the Middle West must be pronounced a dubious battle.

In the Middle West today progress and reaction seem fairly in balance, with a tendency toward the latter. But progress is the natural and characteristic mood of this region, to which it is conditioned by origins and history. No doubt there is beauty, interest and attraction in decay, and some of the rarest fruits of culture grow from a soil enriched by rotting institutions. No one can deny the charms of New England, which has lost its farms, its ships, its mills, its railroads, and lives by its schools, historical associations and "country life." Beauty of scenery, ease of climate may be cited in similar excuse for existence in California, Florida and the Virgin Islands. But peaceful old age is not suitable to the Middle West. Its life is not in being but in becoming. Action is the only valid reason for living there, and the value of action is tested by its release of further activities. The fact then that the Middle West has for the time being lost its forward impulse is of greater moment to this region than it would be elsewhere.

What democracy needs everywhere is leadership; it is peculiarly the need of the Middle West today. The contrast with the past in this regard is striking. One need not go back to Lincoln and Douglas. It is only necessary to recall in politics the group of statesmen of whom Senator Norris is today the only survivor; in business the men who built railroads, sleeping cars, great stores, packing plants, agricultural machinery and automobiles; in culture the founders of universities, orchestras, art galleries, whose monument was the Columbian Exposition of 1893. These men were mostly rugged individualists; they were among the destructive as well as the constructive elements which shaped the Middle West; but in their later generation they shared leadership with such men and women of social vision as Tom Johnson, Jane Addams, W. R. Harper, Julius Rosenwald, John Peter Altgeld, Clarence Darrow and Eugene Debs. All these, selfishly or generously, contributed to the stimulus and release of energy in the community, and in energy it had its distinctive character. Today we find nothing comparable to this phenomenon; rather an acquiescent and complacent acceptance of a state of affairs which is growing intolerable. To take account of stock for the future, we find the Progressive Party still strong in Wisconsin, contributing one of the most useful members to the United States Senate, but the offer of Phil La Follette to lead a regional or national progressive movement went without acceptance. The New Deal has drawn to Washington men who have served their states in the past and may do so again—Ickes from Illinois, Murphy from Michigan, Wallace from Iowa. There is the president of the University of Chicago, who seems a throw-back to an earlier generation, a stranger to his own.

It is evident that much that can be said of the Middle West is applicable to other parts of the country to which it has become assimilated. The Middle West is no longer, in fact it never was, a unit. Ohio and Michigan look eastward. In southern Indiana and Illinois the trend is toward the South. A fringe of the Dakotas and Nebraska belongs to the West. Nevertheless it may still be asserted that the Middle West is more than a geographical expression; that in conditions and problems its divisions have a common likeness, and efforts at solution bear along similar lines. In these problematical respects the future of the Middle West in its distinctive character will be determined.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

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The Promise of Education

THE SCHOOL has a vital part to play in making democracy work; and it cannot play this part unless it deals, more or less directly, with social affairs. Moreover, the school cannot avoid a choice as to educative results. For however the school runs itself, its effects on students have distinct social bearings, and this apart from any teaching of "social studies" as such.

Take, for example, the problem of democracy. Everything that happens in the school has its effect in turning the pupil either toward democracy or against it. The lessons, the way the lessons are assigned, the teacher's tone of voice, the consideration he shows for the pupil's opinion, the rules of the school and how far the pupils share in making and enforcing them—all these things and a thousand others are hour by hour building habits and attitudes for or against democracy in all the pupils.

At this point many will bid us study Germany, Italy and Russia, with their teaching of totalitarian ideas, and stir our youth to the like zeal for democracy. When we do study their schools two ideas stand out: one is that they tell their youth what to think; the other is that they give their youth something to do for the cause, so that these feel themselves part of the onward movement.

The essential difference between democracy and dictatorship lies in their different attitudes toward the typical individual. In the dictatorship, it is the duty of this individual to think and do as he is told. In a democracy the individual is expected to think for himself and, together with all the others, to decide on public questions. In the dictatorship, the individuals are means to the government as end. In a democracy, the government is means to the individuals as end. The dictatorship will therefore wish an education that not only tells the youth what to think, but one that habituates him to belief in authority.

Democratic education will wish the youth to learn to think for himself, and so thinking to decide. The consistent democratic school will work for the kind of thinking which, on the one hand, considers the rights and feelings of others, and on the other, reaches defensible judgments as to what to think and do. It becomes evident that while indoctrination is the normal procedure for the dictator country the fuller kind of education is alone fit to prevail in a democracy.

Some will wish to argue that indoctrination is inevitable with the growing child. There are many things he must learn before he can weigh the merits of the question, and therefore we do wrong to rule out the conscious use of indoctrination. It is true that we cannot avoid all indoctrination. But the same thing is true of friction in a machine. Does the engineer therefore welcome friction?

For democracy there are other positive and practical objections to indoctrination. The indoctrinated person holds his ideas as prejudices, not as convictions. If we never had cause to change our ideas or to use them in new situations, indoctrination might serve. But we are under frequent necessity to modify ideas and under almost continual necessity to use our important ideas in new situations. Anyone who holds his ideas as prejudices can hardly do the necessary reviewing and revising, and often gets angry when others suggest it or even question what he has been content to believe. It is not simply a matter of prejudiced (and probably selfish) will; it is even more a matter of prejudiced mind. In changing times the prejudiced mind is a social menace.

If, then, we believe in democracy we shall avoid indoctrination. The rural individualism of the nineteenth century hardly fits into our industrial twentieth century. Democracy too must undergo continual review and perhaps revision. There is no other safe rule. Democracy, to be itself, cannot indoctrinate even itself.

II

The chief factor in making our times different is modern science. The beginning of the new study had the effect among intellectuals of giving them a new way of deciding and in consequence a new faith in man and in man's thinking. A fundamental revolution had begun, and was later much extended when science began to help invention. Changes came rapidly and unevenly and created difficulties. The new aspects of life make their new demands; the old aspects make their old demands. From such conflicting demands arise our social problems.

Within this great revolution—the shift from the old dogmatism to the new scientific outlook—we see three outstanding problem areas: the economic-political, the philosophical and the ethical.

1. *The Economic-Political Area.*—When industry easily produces more than can be sold, when millions are out of work, and still the country needs both goods and services—the system is wrong. We produce on twentieth-century ideas, we manage and distribute on the eighteenth and nineteenth-century dogmas of free competition, profit motive and property domination. Much the same holds for government. A nation that laughs at an old-model motor car, falls down in adoration before the first model constitution. Since 1789 we have had, in national and state constitutions,

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exactly one new model, Nebraska in 1937. In mechanical contrivance we are astonishingly creative, in government we seem to have exhausted ourselves in the one grand effort of 1787.

2. *Our Philosophical Needs.*—An effective philosophy is a working necessity; in Voltaire's words "men will continue to commit atrocities as long as they continue to believe absurdities." The pre-evolutionary rationalism is on the way out. It has been the deluded and deluding ally of many an indefensible tradition. But, as has been said, many a false doctrine lives on long after its brains have been knocked out.

The old dogmatism of absolutes and fixed ideas is broken, the new free play of intelligence based on criticized experience has yet to establish its legitimate control. Within this gap a larger proportion of people than ever before in history are uncertain what fundamentals to believe. Meanwhile remnants of the old philosophy hold on, to deceive and mislead. Some reactionaries say that human nature cannot change, so war is with us forever. Others similarly locate the profit motive in human nature and so proclaim the existing economics as the only possible one; still others undergird Adam Smith with outworn and impossible conceptions of natural law, and so from this angle find *laissez faire* as eternal. Abroad, the old philosophic absolutes underlie Hitler's doctrine of race and all the totalitarian autocracies.

It is thinking we need here, the most stubborn and critical we know how to muster. The larger the common ground of reliance on conscious intelligence and the better the thought, the safer is democracy.

3. *Our Present Moral Chaos.*—The term chaos will not be too strong if we do not succeed in getting our working ethical theory off its old dogmatic taboo basis on to the new basis of comparative consequences. Just now the old authoritarian morals have largely broken down and the new morals based on conscious regard for consequences are still struggling to come into effective being. Specifically, we have become so economically interdependent that we must seek the common good, but we continue instead to seek our own selfish good.

III

What shall the schools do, with this social situation before us? Can they do anything positive, if they must not indoctrinate? The answer here defended is definite: the school can lay down a program and, as social problems go, can hope reasonably for success. The program should have four characteristics:

1. The dominating procedure must be based on the newer conceptions of personality and learning.
2. This must include emphasis on socially useful work.
3. Acting on thinking must characterize all that is done.
4. A constant aim must be to build social intelligence.

1. *The Modern Outlook.*—The modern outlook presents two outstanding ideas: first, that pupils are to be treated as persons, who are to grow toward ever fuller personality; second, that learning in school is to come primarily from living and is to get back at once into living to remake it.

To treat an adult as a person means primarily to expect him to think and decide for himself (duly respecting others). To treat pupils as persons means to give them such opportunity in the practice of thinking and deciding as will help them to grow into fuller personality; and this means that the school is to build its procedures with this as the dominating feature. It is a new idea for schools. When I was a child there was in my class at school a lubberly over-age boy who had difficulty with geography. As then taught geography was a memorizing affair, with both ideas and words lying largely outside this boy's experience. Each day he would miss his lesson and each day have to make it up after school. As a result he learned far more of hate for books, and of his own inferiority, than of anything else. He has carried that anti-intellectual inferiority with him all his life. Instead of insisting on geography and ignoring all other learnings, the good modern school holds geography desirable, yes. But it insists on personality as essential, an absolute prerequisite to all else.

That school learning is to come primarily from actual living and get back at once into living, may sound odd, but once understood, it is simply what we have always known. Learning in and from experience goes on with the child as truly as with the adult. What is then learned remains available for later experiences. It thus gets into character and stays there (unless something coming later partly displaces it). The character of the child is thus in continual process of formation and reformation on a cumulative model. And the one great question is the quality of his life and surroundings, for he will learn and will become what he lives—not what we parents or teachers command or wish, but what he in his own heart accepts as his to act on and live by. But while we cannot effectively command, we can infinitely expand and correct child living by supplying proper encouragement, opportunity and guidance.

2. *The Necessary Social Orientation.*—That the school should accept a thoroughgoing social orientation follows from all the foregoing considerations. For one thing, the school should get completely away from the competitive recitation-examination system. No completer mis-educative scheme exists. For another, the school should be so run that pupils have all the gradually increasing shared social responsibility that they

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can digest (that is, build into effective character and insight) and no more than they can digest. Still further, positive steps must be taken to have the school work contemplate the surrounding social life, beginning nearby but taking in an ever widening range.

The pupils should, increasingly with age, engage in activities socially useful to the community. Instances are those elementary school boys of Montevallo, Alabama, who undertook to reclaim a tract of land badly eroded; or the pupils of that rural school in Virginia who (under a wise teacher) started out to study their community and eventually remade it; or those junior-high-school pupils in Paterson, New Jersey, who, faced with a motor highway shutting off the playground from their school, devised an underpass solution so good that it was accepted by the city. Through such means we can build a zeal for the common good analogous to that of the totalitarian states. They use the war motive, we must use peace. Theirs is more spectacular, and in the short run probably more active. Ours is seldom so spectacular, but in the long run is probably stronger. Since socially useful work combines the desirable features of all good learning conditions, we may predict its wide extension in the coming years.

3. *Acting on Thinking.*—William James bids us lay "emphasis on the fact that man, whatever else he may be, is primarily a practical being, whose mind is given him to aid in adapting him to this world's life." "Acting on thinking" comes very close to summing up all we know both about school method and about intelligent life behavior. Each one should think (before he acts) as long and as thoroughly as is practicable, considering the time available, the difficulty of the situation and the importance of the matter. Failure either to think carefully or to act on the results of such thinking is both unwise and immoral; and if persisted in must build an ineffective character.

When the school bases its work on acting on thinking, it is exactly building for democracy, as we saw at the outset. Under teacher guidance pupils should have continual practice in thinking through the varied proposals before them and in coming to a decision. This is exactly intelligent morals in operation, it is democracy at work. Further, in the degree that one thus learns to base his life on conscious thought, one builds a strong and persisting character. The idea that thinking brings indecision is simply a reflection on a poor kind of thinking. Prejudices may lead to fanaticism, and fanaticism in the long run is untrustworthy. Convictions lead to far more reliable and effective action.

Also, in the degree that one bases his life on acting on thinking, one avoids almost all forms of personality maladjustment, whether of rationalization, escape mechanisms or emotional complexes. In the degree that one learns in his acting on thinking to use available sources, whether of the printed page or otherwise, he is learning to use the funded capital of civilization. And to have a motive and end in view when one studies sources is to follow the surest road both to strongest learning and to effective organization.

4. *Building Intelligence.*—Intelligence is to be our guide, but in particular cases available intelligence seems inadequate. Specifically, we lack today the social intelligence necessary for bringing up to date certain now outmoded institutions. We lack this intelligence, first, in that our most capable men seem unable as yet to solve the problem of what changes we should make; second, in that the rest of the people among us seem as yet incapable of facing our social problems. Many refuse to admit any new situation, others accept will-o'-the-wisp solutions, the majority are bewildered and partly bored—they would hardly recognize a good solution if they saw one.

In natural science we have built a highly effective intelligence. The gifted, using the foundations already laid, go on to marvelous new discoveries and inventions. The lesser of us can put the advanced thought into effective practice. On both levels we have built scientific intelligence. We must now build social intelligence. The most gifted must use their superior creative ability to get new insights, devise new proposals. The rest of us must keep eternally working at the problems in the area. We must build in ourselves the practical intelligence necessary to see the new situation fairly, to compare proposals pertinently in the light of probable consequences, and finally to decide democratically on what public policies to accept.

Specifically, the schools must study social matters; and they must, especially with the older pupils, study live social problems (controversial issues). For there is no other way to become intelligent in this area. When it is understood that the teachers are not to indoctrinate their particular answers, the objection many feel to controversial issues will have been largely met.

IV

Certain people will reject these propositions, claiming they will not work. Man is emotional, they say, not reasoning. And even if the proposals would work, we haven't time. The world is on fire now. We cannot wait.

The proposals will work if they are given a chance. Not quickly, not inevitably. But they form a reasonable program of action, more reasonable than any alternative. As for man's being emotional and impulsive, he is; but he is also reasoning. And he can and does learn, within limits, to control his emotions and his impulses. He controls them not by eliminating either emotion or impulse, or by opposing thought to impulse, but by opposing criticized impulse to uncriticized impulse.

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Our trouble is not that we have too many or too strong or too depraved emotions and impulses; no one of these things is initially true. What we lack is the skilled and widespread practice in acting on thinking. Given that practice, emotions and impulses take their proper place, becoming assets, not liabilities.

How long will such a program take? We cannot say. We do not know whether the program will be reasonably tried. My own guess is that it will take three half-generations, beginning with 1930. Can we wait that long, with the world on fire as it is? My answer is that there is no alternative.

Come what may, we shall need as much social intelligence as effectively incarnate and as widespread as we can get. If the worst comes and civilization is destroyed, something will have to be done. If fascism is to rise among us, all who know better will have to act as intelligently as they then can to bring again the day when a wiser outlook may prevail. For such an outcome, this is still the best educational program that we can make. If, as I believe, our democracy is headed for neither social chaos nor native fascism, we still need a program, and this remains the best if not the only one.

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

The Promise of American Labor

THE WAR IN EUROPE which overshadows all of our thinking and whose outcome must so profoundly affect the way of life of people in all lands seems scarcely an auspicious background for a discussion of the "Promise of American Labor."

Yet, it has become more important than ever before that we in America reëxamine our objectives and reformulate our position in the face of the new world situation which confronts us today. It is a tribute to the vitality of the values which we identify as the American way of life that we can still write with confidence of their promise for the future while Europe lies deadlocked in a struggle to preserve the gains of the past. Nowhere is this vitality more evident than in the American labor movement. Organized labor was late in reaching maturity in this country. Indeed, it has only been in the last six years that it has fully emerged as a strong, independent, constructive and progressive force in American life. These six years of unprecedented economic and political upheaval have witnessed the serious weakening or the complete extinguishment of older and far better established labor organizations in other lands. American labor found the strength to win its way to maturity under the impact of the economic crisis which proved so destructive abroad.

It is at all times not alone futile but destructive to the best interests of labor itself to attempt to chart a detailed course for the future. This is all the more true today. Yet there are, I believe, certain fundamental principles which animate the American labor movement whose continuing validity will remain one of the few fixed points in a world of rapid change.

American labor, taking stock of our rich store of untapped resources, the technical perfection of our industrial and agricultural plant, the limitless energy and ingenuity of our people, is convinced that our country is equipped with all of the essentials for the creation of an economy of abundance which can, almost without limit, enrich our material and cultural life. The challenge which confronts our generation is that of making articulate the vast unsatisfied demand of American workers and farmers for the products which our economy is geared to produce. American labor is satisfied that that challenge can be met within the framework of the democratic process. It believes that our failure to remove these obstacles has been the result, not of too much but of too little democracy—too little organized participation by the great mass of our people in the affairs of government and industry. From its long and often bitter struggle for recognition, labor has learned the lesson that the problems of our complex industrial society are no longer susceptible of solution by individual action. The first prerequisite to intelligent and effective planning is the establishment of strong, responsible and independent organizations representing the various groups and interests in our national life.

Thus the complete organization of the workers of America is a basic necessity, not only for the protection of the immediate interests of labor but as one of the instrumentalities essential for a planned economy.

The progress which has been made in the past four years leaves no room for doubt that the task of organizing the unorganized workers of America can and will be brought to completion. The defeatist illusion, long so widespread even among progressives, that there is something peculiar to the nature of American workers in the mass-production industries which makes them immune to organization was completely dissipated with the birth and growth of the CIO. The validity of the industrial form of organization for the mass-production industries no longer rests in the realm of theory or conjecture.

Those who deplored the division in the labor movement which came with the organization of the CIO failed or willfully refused to recognize that, under conditions as they existed, disunity was an essential condition to health and growth. The accomplishments of the past four years—the great growth in the ranks of the CIO and the reinvigoration of the AFL itself under the spur of a competing movement—have fully

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demonstrated the wisdom and necessity of the split in the ranks of labor. With the immediate objectives of the CIO now won, the question of unity recurs under new conditions. The bitter experience of labor abroad has shown that division in the ranks of the progressive forces provides an entering wedge for reaction. We in America must profit by that lesson while we yet retain the freedom to choose our course. Unity of the right kind is essential if we are to guarantee the gains which we have won in the past and make possible the fullest measure of progress in the future. Yet peace is clearly not worth the cost if it can be purchased only at the price of a return to stagnation and decay.

I do not for a moment minimize the difficulties which lie in the path of labor unity. But the labor movement has met and surmounted more formidable obstacles. There is today a widespread recognition in the ranks of labor of the need for peace and a determination on the part of the membership of the two organizations to achieve it. Given these conditions, I am confident that it will become possible to find a basis for a united labor movement which will sacrifice none of the gains of the past, but equip organized labor with the strength and the singleness of purpose that it requires to perform the vital tasks which lie ahead.

As organized labor grows in numerical strength, as it extends the collective-bargaining process throughout the industry, it faces responsibilities which transcend the satisfaction of the immediate economic needs of its members. By constructive participation in the industrial and political life of our country it can, and on its record I am confident that it will, make an essential contribution to the planned solution of the problem of giving full employment to our people and assuring to them the complete enjoyment of the unexampled resources of our country.

The possibility that the problems of our national economy can find a constructive solution through the coöperative action of labor and management, is confirmed by the experience of individual industries in which the collective-bargaining process has been firmly established over a period of years. Organizations like the United Mine Workers of America and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America have fully demonstrated how an industry can be transformed through the planned efforts of organized labor and management. In the years during which collective bargaining has operated in these industries, hours have been materially reduced and wages increased many times. These gains have not been won by the workers at the expense of management. For their unions have recognized that responsibility is a concomitant of power. They have withheld extravagant demands beyond the capacity of industry to pay, knowing that to gain them would only spell disaster to both parties to the enterprise. But the conditions made possible by collective bargaining have brought stability to the industry and enabled management to afford the benefits which the workers have received.

Although the problem of bringing stability to our whole economic fabric is far more difficult and complex than that confronting any single industry, I am convinced that the pattern which has proved so successful in those cases where it has been applied holds the key to the larger problem. My own experience in my own industry has made me confident that with the extension of organization and collective bargaining throughout our industrial life, it will, with the aid of government, be possible to organize industry on a basis which will assure full employment.

Through the collective-bargaining process, labor will continue to demand, and as it strengthens its organizations, will increasingly secure its fair share of the profits of industry. The satisfaction of that demand is of an importance that goes beyond the improvement of the living standards of the workers immediately affected, vital as that primary objective is. For it is only by increasing the purchasing power of the mass of the people that we can hope to achieve a balanced, let alone an expanding economy. It is one of the essential tasks of labor to see to it that, within the capacity of industry to pay, purchasing power is placed in the hands of the workers in an amount, as nearly as may be, sufficient to enable them to buy back the products which our industrial and agricultural plant is geared to produce.

Similarly, for its own well being and for the welfare of the country, collective bargaining must find methods which will make labor the beneficiary and not the victim of technological change. Labor will continue to reject the short-sighted policy of attempting to stem the utilization of more efficient equipment and improved methods of work. On the contrary, it will give its full coöperation to further industrial efficiency, recognizing that the improvement in the living standards of the workers must, in the main, come from increased productivity. At the same time it will insist that technological improvements be installed in a manner which will cause a minimum of dislocation and hardship during the process of readjustment, and that a fair share of the increased productivity be passed along in the form of shorter hours and higher wages.

In addition to the material advantages which will accrue to workers and industry alike through the extension of collective bargaining, the nation as a whole will be enriched by the development of constructive and intelligent leadership among the worker-participants. Trade unionism is a great training school for political and industrial leadership. The thousands of young men and women who are today serving as shop stewards and local union officials are being equipped to play a leading role in the affairs of the nation. Their intelligent leadership provides a firm bulwark against the incursion of demagogy of all forms and a guarantee that the democratic process shall endure.

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As organized labor grows in strength it will play a role of increasing importance in political life. Labor's traditional indifference to organized participation in politics has been completely dissipated by events of the last ten years. In these years it has come to recognize that the forces which in the past made for the automatic expansion of our economy and with it the continuing improvement in the living standards of the workers have largely ceased to operate. The bitter experience of the Hoover days taught it that there can be no progressive solution of the problems of our complex industrial society without planned action by the government. The gains which the workers, and with them the whole people, have won under the leadership of President Roosevelt have shown labor the possibilities for progress with the coöperation of a government responsive to the will and to the needs of the people.

The problem of giving full employment to men and machines remains far from solved. Increased, not diminished efforts on the part of government are essential. Labor is convinced that political action must continue in the direction taken by the New Deal. Labor knows that a return of reaction to power in this country will be accompanied by consequences even more disastrous than those which we experienced from 1929 to 1932, consequences which will not alone sweep away the social and economic achievements of the past six years but may threaten the very existence of our democratic institutions. It is one of the primary tasks of labor to assure the continuance in office of a liberal government by increasing and strengthening its part in progressive political action.

The ultimate organizational form for political action by labor can be determined only by events. Today, largely because of the emergence of labor as an independent political force, an important realignment is taking place within the major parties. Future developments alone can determine whether this realignment will permit labor to carry forward its political program within the framework of the two-party system. In any case, labor cannot act independently, in isolation from other progressive groups in our national life. Organized labor represents the hard core around which all progressive political action must be built. But it has no program and no objectives which are not shared by the great majority of forward-looking Americans. It will continue, even more fully and more efficiently than in the past, to coöperate with them in the realization of this program and the achievements of these objectives.

SIDNEY HILLMAN

The Menace to the American Promise

THE ORIGINAL PROMISE of American life rested upon the existence of a great unconquered continent, colonized by people who desired to make a fresh start. Our freedom was measured by two things: the abundance of the land and the distance from Europe. Both of these have vanished. The habitable parts of the country are occupied; many urban sections are overcrowded. Meanwhile, the airplane and the radio have brought Europe back to our doorstep. Our destiny is bound up with that of western civilization. This removes one promise—the promise of America as a separate haven, unsoiled by the cares of Europe, unmarred by human perversity: fresh, innocent, unspotted. Today that America exists only in the fantasies of Senator Borah.

When Herbert Croly wrote "The Promise of American Life" our country was still in a state of almost bucolic innocence. Despite the evils of capitalist exploitation, everyone believed in the firmness of our institutions and the validity of purely material progress. Change was inevitable and progress was the inevitable result of change. So, too, happiness could be engineered; and engineering, the control and exploitation of the material environment, was the surest road to happiness. Religion, esthetics, civics, politics—all these arts might lag, but mechanical invention would set the pace for them, and eventually the more human parts of our environment would be in harmony with our exquisite mechanical contraptions. That was the American dream—an innocent one. It did not foresee that mechanized progress might lead to barbarism, or that a democracy, bewildered and frustrated, might proudly vote its own extinction.

One part of the American promise was the doctrine of expansion; our horizon was limitless, and we were always on the march toward it. In 1890 we reached the limits of our first frontier; we had occupied all the arable and cultivable land. In 1914 we reached the second boundary: immigration ceased, and in another half-generation our population was rapidly approaching stability. Today capitalism has reached a third frontier; much of our productive industry is on a replacement basis, and the possibility of continued production rests upon our skill in creating new avenues of consumption, on a non-profit basis—houses, cities, parks, playgrounds, schools, educational and medical services. In short, we have arrived at the age of stability; our horizon has contracted. We cannot remain on the march: we must resettle our continent and prepare, not to seize new resources, but to make the most of

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what we have. Expansion, even on its cultural side, was a soil-skinning process, a superficial conquest. We must now increase the humus, add fertilizers, mulch—and strike deep roots. Too much of our transplanting in the past left most of the roots in the old earth of Europe.

The liquidation of the humanitarian revolution that is going on today removes another promise of American life. That promise was based on the belief that all our internal difficulties could be solved by external arrangements: that mechanization was a substitute for humanization. The weakness of the labor movement, of radical reform, of revolution, now so pitiably evident in the present world, was due to their inadequate human psychology. All these people were optimists and utilitarians: their heaven was too tame, and what is more, since they did not recognize hell, they were never able to utilize for more heavenly ends the deeper demonisms of human nature. For evil is positive: that means it can be utilized and converted, whereas the emotional neutrality of the utilitarians necessarily lessened their moral energies. The old utilitarian heaven is gone: no one will risk his life to capture it or even to safeguard it. This leaves our generation facing an unmitigated hell: the totalitarian heaven of those whose demonism and will-to-power is unqualified by the vision of a better world.

We Americans created a culture, but unfortunately we never had time to assimilate it. Both facts are astonishing. Now the question is whether our belated attempt to cultivate our past, begun in this generation by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, has come in time to accomplish its beneficent purpose. That we have a living tradition is beyond doubt: it is that of Thoreau and Whitman and Melville in literature, that of Richardson and Sullivan and Olmsted and Wright in the constructive arts, that of Ryder and Homer in painting, that of Emerson and Peirce and James and Dewey and Royce—the Royce of the philosophy of Loyalty—in philosophy, with a no less redoubtable tradition in the sciences, beginning with Franklin and Joseph Henry. But this tradition is still embryonic: too easily we succumb to foreign fashions, as if we were still colonials, valuing nothing unless it is imported goods. Our nationalism is therefore provincial; it takes the form of isolationism. When the American spirit was truly robust, as it was in Emerson's day, the leading minds were regional and cosmopolitan: closer to their own community and more at home in the great world. Our present cult of nationalist isolationism is dangerous: the myth may become a reality. That will be meeting fascism halfway.

Our sharing has been a superficial sharing of space and money and the right to vote with each new wave of emigrants; we have not succeeded in sharing ideas, values, understandings, hopes. So there are millions of people in America who still have no conception of what Herbert Croly called the ideal promise of American life. Such people, if Italians or Germans, feel a closer allegiance to the future of fascism than to that of democracy. A similar threat, due to an even deeper complex of allegiances, comes from the followers of Father Coughlin. The Christian Frontists do not merely attack our secular democracy because it is a democracy, but they resent it because it is secular. Their challenge, if successful, would wipe out the most potent promise of American life—the promise that here neither despotism nor caste can obtain more than a narrow, slippery foothold.

The promise of American life is still a real one; but it no longer rests upon the actual existence of free land, or democratic institutions, of faith in man's ability to direct his own destiny: it derives rather from the residue that these original facts have left in our mind. But apart from internal corrosion, our promise has to meet an external challenge: that is the present world-wide disintegration of western civilization. Of this threat, the fascist movement is a symptom rather than a cause: the cause lies in the fact that our profit economy, now that the period of expansion is over, must be transformed into a non-profit economy, relying upon other motives and incentives. If this change is not accomplished by rational coöperation it will have to take place, under unfavorable circumstances, by irrational compulsion; only to be defeated in the ultimate mockery of war. So far the New Deal has been a potent source of confusion: its theorists have held the wishful belief that profits could be increased while disparities between class and class, between region and region, were wiped out. Mr. Facing-Both-Ways will soon come to a dead end; then we shall have to choose between the rational and the irrational means of economic stabilization.

If barbarism gets the upper hand in Europe—and it still easily may—it is useless to think that the American promise will continue to be a reality: it will not even remain an ideal hope. For our promise does not exist by some exclusive bargain or patent with the Almighty; our strength is bound up with the security and health of civilization throughout the world. The best that we could hope for, in such a situation, is the bare preservation of what we had in the past, by a process of mummification: the fate of Byzantium all over again. What we have, owes its existence to the coöperation of the whole world; what we have to give is destined for the whole world. To think of the American promise in any smaller terms is to betray the reality of our past and the potentiality of our future.

LEWIS MUMFORD

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Notes on the American Character

THE LAST FOUR DECADES in American life have been a period of extraordinarily complete disillusionment. The preceding forty years had been a time of widening horizons in science, of amazing progress in invention and discovery, a time when it seemed certain that things would go on getting better and better forevermore. Yet at about the turn of the century, doubts began to be heard. The reservations regarding the beneficence of the evolutionary process which Tennyson had uttered so far ahead of his time in "Locksley Hall," began to sink into the general consciousness. A few years later Freud knocked the props from under the false complacency with which the average man had viewed the purity of his own character and the disinterestedness of his motives. The Great War shattered violently the dreams of a generation which supposed that force had been ruled out of a world dominated by sweetness of life. For a variety of reasons too complicated to discuss here, the autocratic character of the home, with the father as autocrat, crumbled away. The process of painful adjustment to reality reached its climax in the 1930's when the totalitarian states completed the ruin of the Victorian ideal. Nazism in particular gloried in cruelty, denied the existence of objective truth, repudiated the very core of the nineteenth-century code, which held that the human personality is sacred and central, that the state exists for man, and not the contrary.

For millions of human beings, there was one particular disillusionment harder to bear than any other. For nearly a hundred years, the belief had been growing and spreading that many of the ills of our society could be traced to its wrong economic basis. The argument had for all these people been conclusive that if the injustice could be removed from the arrangements by which man's worldly goods are produced, cruelty and greed would disappear as poverty was vanquished. To be sure, the followers were always more innocently Utopian than their leaders; but it is the followers I am talking about. When a group of men who accepted the Marxian analysis became the heirs, by default, of the Tsar's empire, millions of persons throughout the world pinned their hopes for a new society to what was happening in Russia. They of course overestimated the possibilities and underestimated the difficulties. As the years passed and Russia looked little more like Utopia than it had two decades earlier, as the promised civil liberties still remained largely on paper, as a dictator emerged for whom Marxian theory certainly had not provided, in the minds of millions of too innocent and trusting souls, the disheartenment was great.

The series of disillusionments referred to here have of course been worldwide; but for special reasons due to our peculiar position they have been less strong in America than elsewhere. The "American Dream," inconsistent as it is with many of the known facts of today's life, still exercises a compelling force upon vast numbers of our people.

A common delusion on both sides of the Atlantic is that the Americans and the English are very much alike. This is an error based on the similarity of language and the fact that so many Americans are descended from British, Welsh, Scotch or Irish ancestors. Actually, however, the American is singularly unlike the Briton. The rhythm of his thought is different; his general outlook on life is wholly dissimilar; his preferences in literature, the theatre, recreation and everything else tend to diverge, with the area of difference usually larger than the area of resemblance. Comparisons between nationalities are always dangerous, but if one felt compelled to find a resemblance it would be between the American and the French or the Russians. The Americans are quick, like the French; they also come much closer to the cynical-seeming realism of the French than they do to what someone has called England's strangulated sentimentality. There are strong resemblances between the Americans and the Russians.

Despite the interesting work of Ellsworth Huntington and others, far too little attention has thus far been paid to the influence of climate on character. Take mountain types from New Hampshire or Switzerland —tall, angular, taciturn and rather morose—and settle them on the level plains of the Upper Mississippi Valley: within a couple of generations, the children reveal all the attributes of the plain-dwelling inhabitants of the new home, volubility, optimism, good nature. It is no accident that nearly all the inhabitants of Southern California come to exhibit the same mental and physical pattern in an astonishingly brief number of years. The cartoonists' Uncle Sam, faithfully copied for three-quarters of a century, is a Vermont type no longer typical of the country as a whole.

A hundred years hence, the anthropologists (if there are any left) may attach a good deal of importance to the year 1924, when the new immigration restrictions went into effect. This law confirmed the stoppage of the immigrant flood which had taken place not long before the World War. Since 1924, partly because of the depression, and partly because of restrictions on emigration by European countries, we have in most years lost more aliens than we have received. The immigration quotas, based upon the makeup of our population a quarter of a century earlier, were nicely calculated to permit the largest number of immigrants

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from the countries where the smallest number wanted to come, and vice versa.

The stoppage of the immigration is already being reflected in many ways. In some industries such as steel and coal, machines at last take the place of men, since greenhorns are no longer so plentiful, or so capable of being malignantly exploited, as in the past. The foreign sections of our great cities, reservoirs of immigrants who formerly lived in the new world the life of the old, in costume, speech and social custom, are being drained off into the general population as their children go to our schools, learn American ways and are vocally bitter about the failure of the older generation to "talk United States."

At the turn of the century it really seemed possible that the American character might finally be dominated by the vast hordes of East Europeans who came clumping through Ellis Island, a million a year. Not only were their numbers formidable, in relation to an America a good deal smaller than at present, but their birth rate was substantially higher than that of the older American stock. But the fears based upon the second of these phenomena have proved as chimerical as those which sprang from the first. Today the birth rate of the country districts (especially in the South) is higher than that of the cities, where immigrants and the sons of immigrants mostly dwell. It is higher among the poor than among the rich, for obvious reasons of ignorance and lack of money; but in the city there is no appreciable difference between the situation of the foreign-born and the native of the same station.

The American type which seems destined to survive and to dominate is therefore that of the older American, the Anglo-Saxon Protestant stock which is found most characteristically in the small towns of the Middle West. What sort of man is he? This is an extraordinarily variegated country; generalizations are always dangerous and are subject to numerous exceptions. Within the limits of these restrictions, however, there are a few things that can be said.

The American talks a great deal about democracy but his libertarianism is full of contradictions and inconsistencies in practice. He is willing to let you disagree with him, but only within fairly narrow limits. If he is a Methodist, he doesn't much mind your being a Baptist, but he objects strongly to atheism. Translated into political terms this means that a Republican tolerates a Democrat easily but a Socialist or Communist with difficulty if at all.

Many Americans, certainly a majority in numerous communities and perhaps in the country as a whole, don't see very much point in protecting civil liberties for persons whose views differ widely from their own. (Hitler has been the best press agent democracy ever had. His repressions in Germany have been so obnoxious that people who have quite an impulse in the same direction are repelled into a considerably stronger affection for tolerance.) Vigilantism, the tendency toward lynch law, which springs up so readily in many parts of the country, is not solely an immediate economic phenomenon, the well-to-do inciting the poor to oppress the trouble-maker, or one section of the poor acting against another section which is its competitor in the labor market. It is also an expression of several rather profound American traits: the violent lashing out at those who disturb the accustomed mores, the lack of veneration for such established machinery as courts and juries, the determination to have one's own way which is essentially infantile and is a powerful part of the American character.

No doubt for generations to come people will continue to talk about the continuing influence of the frontier on American institutions. That it has had an influence, no one can deny, any more than it is possible to fix a date in the past or predict one in the future which marks the termination of frontier psychology. The field in which generalization seems most safe is that of American optimism, the psychology of an expanding economy. Even today, when so many of the fundamental theses are clearly outmoded and in spite of the disillusionments noted above, most Americans continue to think in terms of an assumption that everything is going to get bigger and better. No business man can imagine an existence in which his volume, even if not his profits, did not expand from year to year. The sudden sharp contraction in a period of depression is regarded as a temporary unavoidable misfortune, like spending a few days in bed with a cold. When the population really does turn downward, when the proportion of the aged is markedly increased and of the young diminished, this easy faith is going to have a head-on collision with some hard and unpleasant facts; but up to now, the iron has entered our collective soul only to a limited extent.

To be sure, this particular segment of the American Dream is fading rapidly. It had begun to do so even before 1929, as many young men noted bitterly that business was increasingly dominated by a few big corporations, that there was less and less room at the top and that the best places fell more and more to the sons and nephews of directors, officials and big stockholders. Since 1929, many thousands of young men have grown up into a world of the utmost insecurity. Either they have been able to get no jobs at all or they have been the beneficiaries of nepotism of the kind the French find so natural. A job, once obtained, has become a precious possession to which its owner clings. The old free days when you could and did quit if the boss gave you any of his lip are no more than a misty memory.

For the first time in our history, American optimism of this sort has been seriously challenged. One senses

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a growing and disturbed feeling that perhaps, after all, everything is not going to be bigger and better forevermore. This development is not yet sufficiently serious to make much difference in the total impact of our national optimism, but it is certainly increasing. One of its striking characteristics is that our young people—and older ones too—are suddenly showing an interest in working for the government. A small salary accompanied by security of tenure and a pension in old age have become a respectable ambition as an alternative to yesterday's hope of going into business for yourself and becoming a millionaire.

One American characteristic that comes near to being unique is our passion for individual self-improvement. The English tend to feel they are doing quite well as they are, thank you; the Frenchman naturally assumes that France and its inhabitants are perfect; the German, at least in his present incarnation, looks forward only to more blood and bigger monuments; the Russian ideal is improvement for the whole mass, at the pace of the most laggard (although genius is encouraged and, if not recalcitrant, given room to work in). Only the American is obsessed with the idea that he as an individual must become a paragon, and if possible, overnight. He buys rowing machines by the million, to be tried for three days and then hidden in a hall closet. He, or more probably she, takes a multitude of nostrums to reduce weight and produce glowing health, neither of which things ever happens. He is forever buying encyclopedias of all human knowledge, which he expects to read in his spare time during the winter, only to discover too late that he hasn't any such time and that the encyclopedias bore him. He rubs paste on his hair until he is completely bald; he attends an incredible quantity of lectures. On the whole, the passion for self-improvement, for a desire to speak French, have good-looking hair, play the saxophone, be brilliant in repartee and a convincing after-dinner speaker, is part of the American myth that evolution means improvement, that the world is getting more and more wonderful all the time and that each individual owes it to God and the American flag to help along the process as best he can.

While the typical American is not very much interested in liberty, one must not overlook the existence of a large minority which is keenly concerned about the struggle for the preservation of civil rights. In part, this group is found within the ranks of organized labor (although there are also many unionists whose outlook is precisely that of the conservative middle class). In part, it consists of people who have no immediate axe to grind but recognize the importance of keeping the channels of communication open even for unpopular doctrines. These are the people who support the American Civil Liberties Union, read the progressive weeklies, sign petitions and give financial aid to victims of oppression throughout the country, attend mass meetings for causes unpopular with the majority. They constitute, it seems to me, the most healthy single force within our body politic. As long as they continue to exist and to function, no one can say that pessimism about our future is wholly justified.

The statement is often made that the American mind has been standardized in the past decades by the tremendous influences making for uniformity: syndicated newspaper features appearing simultaneously all over the country; movies that play in the course of a few weeks in every town from Florida to Oregon; nationwide radio programs with their audiences of thirty or forty millions. How far this is true it is impossible to say conclusively. I suspect, however, that the importance of these things is exaggerated. Americans were pretty much alike in the fundamentals before these devices came along, and I can't see that they are any more so today than they were in my boyhood. Certainly, the radio has not succeeded in standardizing American speech. It is still easy to identify on first hearing the accents of Virginia, Georgia, Iowa and Maine.

The important change of the past generation has been the great decrease in parochialism. There are still plenty of backwaters—in the South for instance—where the current civilization of movies, radio and automobiles has made little impression; but they are now the uncharacteristic exceptions. Today, all over the country even in remote farm areas the young people (and the older ones too) listen to Charlie McCarthy on Sunday night, follow their favorite movie stars in the county-seat picture house, know all about Oldsmobile's new fluid clutch. Whether they get their clothes from a Chicago mail-order house or from the town an hour's ride away over an amazingly good road, their styles are pretty much those to be seen on Park Avenue or Wall Street. This ability to participate in the national procession goes amazingly far down the economic scale, though of course the poorest group are cut off from participation and are isolated in the prison of their poverty.

The country districts and the small towns are no longer parochial about foreign affairs (I suspect they were never so aloof as their detractors maintained). A short-wave radio set works as well or better in Wyoming as in Connecticut; no one on the Atlantic seaboard could follow world events any more closely than do the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley, the intermountain states and the Pacific slope. If these regions seem somewhat cooler in their judgments, more detached in their viewpoints than does the East, it is perfectly possible that they are right, and that their perspective is improved by their lack of the large masses of undigested foreigners who still, though their

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numbers are dwindling, bring European affairs vividly and immediately and with bitter partisanship to many communities in the northeastern quarter of the country.

It could be argued that the automobile has done more to produce uniformity among Americans than all other agencies combined. Our people have always been restless, but in the past this restlessness was for most of the community merely a frustrated emotion, while for a minority it could only be gratified by tearing up stakes and risking everything on a plunge into the unknown—a real unknown, even if only another town thirty miles away. Today, literally millions of persons can, and do, afford a vacation trip by car, covering vast distances in a few weeks each year. The New England mechanic goes to Texas and back in the slack season while the plant is taking inventory; the Iowa farmer arranges for somebody to feed his stock and drives to Florida or California in midwinter, at a careful forty miles an hour, keeping conscientiously to the right of the road.

The most American thing in America is the tourist camp, where twenty cars parked overnight may carry licenses from twenty states. Wisconsin, Utah and South Carolina take their turns at the camp oven and laundry, or sit on adjoining stools at the hamburger joint across the road, exchange backgrounds with each other and are reaffirmed in their possession of a common and solid American character. Despite all the Europeans' talk to the contrary, that character is not self-assertive and belligerent, except in rare cases. It is on the whole diffident, timid about expression in the presence of strangers, but unshakably convinced that its inner convictions are right and proper. If you oppose this America in little things it will keep politely silent while hardening its heart against you; let your opposition get more serious and it will take you out and hang you to the nearest tree that has a big branch ten feet from the ground.

All this, at any rate, for the older generation. The younger is changing in ways that haven't yet got into any textbook, ways that make tomorrow difficult to predict. The hallmarks of the older America were its inhibitions and a sort of sublimated infantilism that went with them. The younger generation seems to be losing these inhibitions with dizzying speed. Drop into any little country dance hall on a Saturday night, being careful to avoid the places where city people go, and watch the dancing not merely of the jitterbugs but of the whole group, or see them while they listen to a swing band that is really in the groove. You will see a simple open pleasure in living and in rhythmic movement for its own sake that is new and very strange —at least, to the last generation.

This new freedom extends into many fields. With the authority of the home destroyed, with the stern parent of the past a discarded image and the new-type father and mother pathetically straining to be just good pals, responsibility rests with the young for their own behavior, and is on a basis nobody would dare to put into any book. In every part of the country, whether in theoretically dry states or those that have now returned to the open sale of alcoholic beverages, young men and women are facing and solving the problem of holding their liquor. With contraceptives on sale not only in every drug store but, in some parts of the country, in every filling station, sexual behavior is no longer dictated by fear of disastrous consequences any more than it is by the moral strictures of the past generation. A good many people are no doubt surprised and secretly a little regretful to find that even under these circumstances the vast majority of the rising generation is "good," even in the strictest interpretation of the word, and has the same ambitions that preceding generations did—a job, a home, children, health and security.

It is obvious that the American character holds dangerous tendencies. We have a long tradition of violence, of overriding established legal forms, of reluctance to listen carefully or long to the other man. It is easy to say—and a great many people are saying it—that we are in danger of a native brand of fascism. If you use this term loosely enough, it may be true; but if you are thinking of anything like what now exists in Germany or Italy, I would enter a strong exception. It has often been noted that fascism has never yet obtained control of any country where the people had enjoyed democratic political institutions for any length of time. The Americans are proud and stubborn, individually, as the Germans and Italians have never been. I find it impossible to imagine Madison Square Garden or the San Francisco Municipal Auditorium full of people shouting the American equivalent of "Duce!" or "Sieg Heil!" The very fact that the American home long ago discarded parental tyranny gives us a safeguard that was lacking in those countries. Our people do not feel the need of a substitute father image as do Europeans brought up in homes that were little oligarchies.

To be sure, a triumph of fascism in Europe would have dangerous repercussions here; but far more dangerous would be a continuance of conditions under which some 30,000,000 people are half starving on public charity, millions of skilled workers can find nothing to do, sharecroppers in the South get shelter worse than that of the cattle on a prosperous Iowa farm. Enough desperation long enough continued, produces an explosion. To prevent it, we need all possible encouragement of democratic forces here and abroad. I see nothing in the American character to cause discouragement for democrats. I see only a reason to emphasize the ancient warning that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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The Future of the South

OLD TIM HORTON, dead eight years this coming spring, used to know the Indians. There were as many Cherokees as white men in the Appalachians when Tim first came to the mountains and when he was a young man he hunted and fished with them. The great virgin forests were full of game—quick with deer, drumming with turkey—and the winding French Broad River, fed by tumbling mountain streams, teemed with bass and jack and trout. Tim cleared his land, built his cabin, made his crops, married and had children.

That was around 1850 and in that same year, beyond the mountain ranges, down in the South Carolina low country on the banks of the Santee River, Colonel Robert Cartledge might stand on a ditch embankment and survey his six hundred acres of yellowing rice The slaves worked in the sun, stripped to the waist, and in the shade of a grove of moss-hung oaks the big house shone bright and newly painted. That was a good time for rice-planters, one prosperous year after another, and the Colonel's world seemed safe and secure. "There are disputes in Congress over the slave question," he wrote in his diary, "but these noisy quarrels will not interfere with the future of my sons."

And further southward, in that same year, beyond the barren hill country where toiled those forgotten farmers driven by the economic caste system to land unworthy of a plantation-owner's notice, Babtiste Prudhomme, proud of his French heritage, sat at his usual table in a New Orleans coffee-house and discussed the affairs of the day. M. Prudhomme was in shipping, the owner of three fast barques plying between New Orleans and the ports of Europe. It was as prosperous a time for him as it was for Colonel Cartledge. The great valley of mid-America poured its seemingly inexhaustible wealth down the Mississippi and the Creole's ships, as his books still show, were engaged for cargo months in advance. Nor was that all. The price of cotton, in which M. Prudhomme was also interested, had risen again and a further rise was expected. Indeed, good acreage could no longer be had for love or money—so completely was cotton king.

Tim of the mountains, Colonel Cartledge of the low country, Babtiste Prudhomme of New Orleans—all might be equally pleased. The times were good, and fortunes could be made, and if one felt compelled to leave the towns, to escape the ledgers and the smell of trade, to seek one's lonely fortune in the wilderness, the wilderness was yet there. And in the living pleasure of these men, some heady rush of blood quickened by sight of game or rice or gold, in these three lives and all the other lives that moved upon that earlier Southern earth, there lies the human substance of that which has been transmuted into myth and legend and nostalgic mist—the mournful Southern past.

The past is with us yet, lingering like the smell of incense in old cathedrals, and there are those among us who tend to worship in the cloisters of their imagination. We name the past our Golden Age, a time of poised and splendid grace, and out of the ash and ruin of war there has been created a South that never was and could not be. It haunts our days and troubles our nights. The present is too much with us.

Tim Horton reached ninety-five before he died, his gnarled hard leanness bent beneath a stained white beard, and on rough days of sleet and snow he liked to talk about the "olden" time. These things his eyes had seen, "these eyes here, boy, these eyes you're lookin' at. I've seen. . . ."

He'd seen them strip the forests, ravishing the mountains with axe and chain and saw, he'd seen the timbered hillsides grow naked and wash away. He'd seen the highways come, the pavement crossing ridges where even the Indians could not cross, he'd seen the Cherokees get shunted off into their reservation. He'd seen the tannery built, its foul refuse killing the fish in the river, he'd seen eight hundred acres of rich bottom pass into the hands of one man who lived in the North and never saw his land. He'd seen his children leave the mountains to hunt a better living in the mills, his children's children too, he'd seen the cabins tumble in and the worn-out hillsides go back to laurel and to briar. "These eyes here, boy, these eyes you're lookin' at. I've seen. . . ."

He'd seen the past surrender to the present: and, if they had lived as long, Robert Cartledge and Babtiste Prudhomme might also have observed the slowly forming shape of that which was to come.

The Cartledge big house is still standing, repaired and renovated, equipped with all modern conveniences. The Cartledges, however, no longer live there. A few of the fields are still planted in rice, the grain beards yellow in the sun, but harvest never comes. The big house is now the winter home of a millionaire's son-in-law and the rice is grown as a lure for ducks. The Cartledges live on a back street in Charleston, as gracious in poverty as they were in wealth, and the Colonel's grandson is working on relief. Sometimes, hunting, he passes the place where his forefathers lived. At the base of one of the oaks a white sign is neatly lettered PRIVATE: NO TRESPASSING. And sometimes, when the wind is blowing from the North, the air is thick with the smell of the big pulp-mill not so far away.

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The smell of the present: the mist of the past.

The last descendant of Babtiste Prudhomme died last year. He was a thin little Creole who always wore a white vest and was known as an eccentric recluse. He lived alone in a rented room and one morning they found him dead. They also found a sheaf of old French opera programs, some lottery tickets and, on his wall, a faded print of one of Babtiste's ships. His death was duly recorded in the newspapers, date of birth, father and mother, but in his brief obituary there was no mention of the New Orleans-London Fast Freight Line. Babtiste's ships foundered in the war, as did a section and a people, and all New Orleans shipping is now controlled by corporations in New York.

On the Southern calendar of holy days—Manassas, Shiloh, Antietam, Chickamauga—Appomattox is a day of mourning. For there the present began: there ended the past. The emotion inherent in that name, some subtle thing of bitterness and longing and relentless pride, has greatly influenced the present. It will doubtless influence the future as well.

Out of the War and Reconstruction, out of Appomattox, there was born a state of mind. The South of Virginia is not the South of Alabama. The South of Louisiana has little in common with the South of North Carolina. It is a state of mind, rather than any oneness born of "regionalism," that makes the South.

The question—what is this state of mind?—is more easily asked than answered. In the years immediately following the war it was principally determined by hatred. Hatred yielded to bitterness, a bitterness that caused the former leaders of the South to retreat into a dim half-world of memory and remorse, and after bitterness came distrust. Distrust is slowly passing, for more and more the realization is being forced upon us that we are a part of the United States, but some of the old bitterness yet remains: unrealized, perhaps, reflected in our prejudices and our passions, our long tradition of violence, lying like a dark, submerged pool beneath the foundation of our economics. Forget this state of mind, dwell only on the bleached bones of charts and indices, and you forget the living temper of a people: a temper that will help shape the future as it helped to shape the past.

The charts and indices are easily read. Dr. Howard W. Odum, in his "Southern Regions," has assembled many pages of them. For instance:

Relative standing of the states in wealth: The South is last.

Relative standing of the states in education: The South is last.

Net income per capita: The South is last.

Value of all farm property per farm: The South is last.

Average value per farm of domestic animals: The South is last.

Motor cars per 1,000 inhabitants: The South is last.

Final addition: "The Nation's Number-One Economic Problem."

But that addition, accurate though it is, leaves something out. What is missing relates to ends and means. The "end" of the Civil War, its immediate and idealistic end, was the freeing of the slaves. There was to be another "end," however—unforeseen, unpredicted. That "end" is the South of today, reflected in the dreary roll-call above. The shadow of Appomattox is still upon us. We have our state of mind.

It is from this threshold that we face the future. The future of the South, obviously, cannot be dissociated from the future of the nation. The evidence of the past ten years seems to indicate that America, challenged by other and harsher forms of social control, must achieve some lasting balance between individualism and socialization by means of a planned and orderly transitional democracy. If this is to be accomplished, there must be a schedule of planning for the South as part of the larger program.

First and foremost, since our economy is still basically agrarian, there should be a complete overhauling of our agricultural system. This complex involves far more than mere soil utilization, governmental supervision of crops and the pegging of cotton and tobacco. It means solving the dilemma (unless the agricultural South is to become the American Orient) of a one-crop commercial system based on the expectation of exports when exports have declined four million bales since the "normal" year of 1917. And what makes the dilemma ironic is the fact that this one-crop commercial system is spread like a permanent horde of locusts over a whole area splendidly adapted to food crops and diversified farming and in which nearly half the people are living under conditions below any desirable standard of culture or human comfort.

The problem, however, is not insoluble. Much has been accomplished by various agencies of the Roosevelt administration, especially in the way of small-scale rehabilitation. Several programs have been worked out, the best of which is probably that of the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council. Too long to be included in its entirety, it calls for the immediate reconstruction of the present tenant system; new provisions for an adequate credit structure; readjustment and redistribution of the present crop-land uses; some immediate methods of raising the consumption of commodities by the Southern people both in rural and urban areas.

The South, in the future, will unquestionably be brought into contact with those problems inherent in its present industrial expansion. The long experience of the North will be telescoped into a much shorter space of time and we shall eventually encounter the same disputes and struggles that have agitated other sections.

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Not, of course, that such struggles and disputes are unknown to us. The industrial development of the South has progressed continuously since Reconstruction, and it has been accompanied, naturally, by growing pains: some of them, as in the case of the Gastonia strike, of sufficient violence to wrack our entire section. It would be wise, in view of the new migration of heavy industry to the South, to take proper legislative action in anticipation of the problems that lie ahead, but most of our contemporary political intelligence seems rooted in the belief that the hire of a Southern worker is not worth 25 cents an hour. Southern labor, however, despite its well advertised docility, will be heard from in time: and this view, along with others, may not long prevail.

Our third major problem, directly involving our state of mind, is that of the Negro. It should be stated bluntly, since what follows is written neither in apology nor defense, that the extreme leftist program for the Negro can only be established, within the ascertainable future, by means of another Civil War.

The psychology of a section is the psychology of its people: and mental attitudes are the result—the very complicated result—of various conditioning influences. Conditioned reflexes, as Pavlov demonstrated, can be un-conditioned. This, however, is a slow and arduous process, accomplished only with infinite pains and patience, and the ideas drummed into a section's head for over a century—plus the bitter experience of a cruel and destructive war—cannot be greatly modified within the space of a few short years.

It may be charged that much of our thinking about the Negro is done on an ante-bellum basis. This is true. It is also true that we have wronged the Negro in many ways. Yet, on the positive side of the ledger, though the books do not show an equal balance by any means, other entries should be noted: a decline in lynching; the presence of Negroes on juries; court verdicts handed down in favor of Negroes over whites; the quiet and orderly way the Negroes of Florida insisted on their right to the ballot in a recent election. Critics of the South, often more glib than understanding, may dismiss all this with jeers and bright remarks. We of the South, however, knowing that these gains have been made within very recent memory, also know that they could not have been accomplished without a decided change in the Southern state of mind. We feel that progress has been made and that such progress will continue.

It has been presumed, throughout this essay, that the South, together with the rest of the nation, will be permitted to work out its future within the general framework of a democratic system—a system which, properly extended, can be just as "dynamic" as the hysterically propagandized totalitarian regimes and which, to many of us, holds a far greater promise of human liberty. The structure of every thought, however, contains at least one molecule of wish, and this presumption may turn out to be grounded more in hope than in actuality. We need no crystal globe to tell us that the United States is soon enough to be a battleground for warring social concepts. It is not conceivable that this conflict may be won or lost in the South.

We have the distinction of having presented the world with the First American Dictator in the person of Huey P. Long: a man of energy and genius who might have been, and this is his greatest tragedy, one of the nation's foremost democrats. The soil that produced Huey—salt with resentment, salt with poverty, salt with Appomattox—has since sprouted a number of lesser men who aspire to his empty throne. None of them has succeeded in achieving any important power. Perhaps they will not, ever: but the circumstances that produced Huey are still fundamentally unchanged. They are summed up, perhaps a little too simply, in the phrase used to total the table of our social defects. Yet, if the South is the nation's number-one economic problem, it is also the nation's number-one challenge to the democratic system.

This is not to imply, by any means, that the Southern people would willingly surrender their democratic rights and privileges. Wrongheaded we may be in many ways, but, in relation to such a fundamental as personal freedom, it is more than possible we are wrong-headed in the right direction. The danger is that the masses of our people, because their pressing problems remain unsolved, may be betrayed into surrendering the things they value most and seek salvation by a Savior.

But while one may fairly safely assume that the South will have increasingly difficult labor problems, one can only guess as to the nature of its intellectual future.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, in an essay published several years ago, found the present state of affairs in Southern letters baffling enough. "Turning to the inflamed rabble of impulses in the contemporary Southern novel," she wrote, "one asks immediately: What is left of the pattern? Has Southern life—or is it only Southern fiction—become one vast disordered sensibility? Is there no Southern horizon beyond Joyce? Where is that 'immoderate past' celebrated in Mr. Allen Tate's loyal 'Ode to the Confederate Dead'? Has the 'salt of their blood' oozed away in a flicker of iridescent scum on the marshes?"

What disturbed Miss Glasgow, of course, was that certain Southern writers had departed rather violently from the old aristocratic-plantation tradition first introduced into American letters in 1832 by John Kennedy's "Swallow Barn" and polished to its most perfect sheen by Thomas Nelson Page and other writers of his generation. But what Miss Glasgow overlooked, and she

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is generally a person of great discernment, was that the pattern of Southern life whose rupture she lamented had been shattered beyond recognition by the forces of history. We cannot assume that tradition to be living and valid when our "plantation owners" are corporations domiciled in New England and our "aristocrats" are newly rich people whose fortunes have been sucked up from the oil wells of Coca Cola. Nor can it be forgotten, since politics is involved in the tradition, that most contemporary Southern political figures are representatives of the submerged lower and middle classes freed by the war from the repressions and inequalities of the old plantation system.

The tradition of the Old South, in short, is lost in the past: part of the mist, part of Appomattox, part of our state of mind. To pretend otherwise is to indulge in a masquerade not unlike the annual garden-club festival in Natchez. This does not mean, however, that it is any the less important in our culture pattern, or that it is to be ignored by writers of today. We have only to see it as a whole—to understand the past as best we can, to comprehend the part it played in shaping our world of today. What we cannot do, as Senator Ben Hill wrote so eloquently in his "The Advancing South," is to "waste time and strength in defense of theories and systems, however valued in their day, which have been swept down by the moving avalanche of actual events."

But should this sound, by any chance, like a blueprint for The New Southern Literature, a hasty declaimer is necessary. It is, finally, simply a personal statement. Whether or not society should be blueprinted is still a debatable question. There can be no question, however, after some of the books published in the past decade, that the fewer blueprints literature has to contend with, the better the literature. The poet, as Mr. Edmund Wilson discovered even Marx saying, is an original: and every writer, as Mr. Paul Valéry fully explained in "Variety," is simply seeking to give some form and substance to his own inner dream. Our important literary figures, from Chaucer to Tolstoy, are those who gave substance to very great and original dreams: and, at this juncture in human affairs, the poets of the world should be left to dream in such peace as they are able to achieve. They are worried and badgered enough: and no amount of shouting, lecturing or chastising will do much to change their dreams. For dreams, too, are the result of infinite conditioning and each man is held captive within the walls built upon the cornerstone of the first conditioned reflex introduced into the pattern of his behavior. We must expect, therefore, a few nightmares as well as dreams: but we may validly hope, in the nation and in the South, that there will be recorded such compelling dreams as men have recorded in the past—those inner visions which, through the alchemy of art and artist, have become part of the living dream of humankind.

HAMILTON BASSO

Looking Backward

DURING the early months of 1914, while The New Republic was being planned, the bright glow of the Victorian age lay upon the landscape. The Progressive Party had disrupted the old Republican machine, Woodrow Wilson was in the White House, after having made a sudden turn in the progressive direction in 1910, and the battle against "the vested interests" was on in full force. By the time the first issue of The New Republic appeared, the Great War had broken out in Europe and the country was profoundly disturbed by dislocations in economy and by divisions among the people over the merits of the respective belligerents. But few foresaw, at least clearly, that in less than three years the United States would become involved in the struggle.

On the whole the maxim for American affairs, especially politics, was "Business as usual." Although the elections in November of that year indicated a reaction to old Republican tactics, the Democrats retained the House of Representatives by a narrow margin and slightly increased their majority in the Senate. At any rate the Old Guard was still kept out of power and early in December the Progressives, at a conference held in Chicago, announced that progressive principles are permanent and that the Progressive Party is "the necessary organ for their realization." In the general upheaval progressives, old and new, looked forward, with Herbert Croly and his editorial colleagues, to the steady advance of the cause they had espoused.

What was that cause and to what extent have its principles been realized? The question is not easy to answer categorically. Just what did the progressives, whether of Republican or Democratic origins, actually desire to achieve? No solemn treatise, not even Mr. Croly's "Promise of American Life," provided a working philosophy for the progressive movement. As John Chamberlain has recently remarked, the Galahads of 1912 had no theory of State comparable to Rousseau's "Social Contract" or Marx's "Capital," to serve as The Book. Nor was there available a single manifesto, akin to the Declaration of Independence or the famous document of 1848, which gave all the articles of the true faith.

There is some justification, however, for using the

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Progressive platform of 1912 as a fairly exact summary of the progressive principles at the time. It is true that followers of Woodrow Wilson dissented from many planks in the Progressive platform, especially the hot trust-busters who saw salvation in the dissolution of great combinations; but nowhere else can we find a better expression of the progressive letter and spirit than in the Chicago manifesto of 1912. This is true, even though we must remember that to the left of the Progressives were the Socialists and that Eugene V. Debs polled nearly a million votes in 1912.

The articles of the Progressive faith in 1912 touched many phases of political and economic life. In respect of the Constitution and the judiciary, the Progressive pronouncement was emphatic. "We hold, with Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, that the people are the masters of their Constitution. . . . The Progressive Party demands such restrictions on the power of the courts as shall leave to the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy." This was followed by a pledge "to work unceasingly for the reform of legal procedure and judicial methods."

And how did the Progressives view party politics? They denounced the two old parties as "tools of corrupt interests which use them impartially to serve their selfish purposes. Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government. To destroy this invisible government . . . is the first task of the statesmanship of the day." That was a characterization of American government that did not square with the maxims of the schoolbooks on civics or the current sayings of High Respectability. Yet the Progressive characterization was adopted in the campaign of 1912 by Woodrow Wilson, applied only to the Republican Party, and incorporated in The New Freedom.

Having paid their respects to the old parties, the Progressives turned to fundamental social and economic issues as national issues. They cast aside the narrow interpretation of the Constitution and the corner-stone and blacksmith-shop view of American economy: "Up to the limit of the Constitution and later by amendment of the Constitution, if it is found necessary, we advocate bringing under effective national jurisdiction those problems which have expanded beyond reach of the individual states." In aid of this purpose, the Progressives promised an easier and more expeditious method of amending the Constitution. Thus in a few lines were laid down the nationalist interpretation of the Constitution, which, long afterward, the Democrats incorporated in their platform of 1936. Bright youths who imagine themselves to be inventors will find enlightenment in laying the planks of the two platforms side by side.

Then the Progressives of 1912 took up the great economic and social issues—labor, agriculture and industry. To labor they promised a specific limitation on the right of courts to issue injunctions and a guarantee of trial by jury in cases of contempt which did not interfere with the administration of justice—forerunner of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act of 1932, signed by President Hoover. They also presented a program of social legislation—the prohibition of child labor, minimum wages for women, the eight-hour day in continuous industries, publicity as to hours, wages and conditions of labor, the establishment of a Department of Labor, safety and health standards for various occupations, effective legislation looking to "the prevention of industrial accidents, occupational diseases, overwork, involuntary unemployment and other injurious effects incident to modern industry."

The Progressives of 1912 recognized the importance of the prosperity of agriculture not only to farmers but also to the people who live in cities. This was displaying awareness of the significance of enlarging the home market. They promised to "foster the development of agricultural credit and coöperation." They attacked "the bad business methods in marketing crops," pledged an investigation and bound themselves to enact remedial legislation. Here were forecast the farm-loan legislation of the Wilson administration and subsequent administrations, later marketing controls and efforts to raise the level of welfare in rural regions.

Turning to industry, the Progressives of 1912 did not propose to resort to trust-busting in the time-honored style. On the contrary, they urged the establishment of a strong federal regulative commission with full power over corporations, including power to prevent "false capitalization" and other market-rigging contrivances.

Banking and currency then offered thorny issues. The Progressives faced them: "We believe the present method of issuing notes through private agencies is harmful and unscientific. The issue of currency is fundamentally a government function and the system should have as basic principles soundness and elasticity. The control should be lodged with the government and should be protected from domination or manipulation.

Taxation was geared to banking and currency. The Progressives endorsed the ratification of the pending amendment empowering Congress to lay income taxes. "We believe in a graduated inheritance tax as a national means of equalizing the obligations of property holders to government."

Near the close of the platform, investors were taken into the reckoning: "The people of the United States are swindled out of many millions of dollars every year, through worthless investments. . . . We hold it to be the duty of government to protect its people from this kind of piracy." Having paid their respects to future Insulls and Van Sweringens, the Progressives promised government supervision and protection.

In the domain of international relations, the Progressives of 1912 deplored "the survivil in our civiliza-

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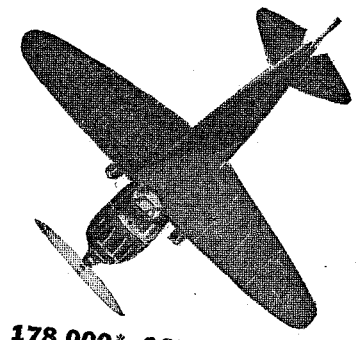

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tion of the barbaric system of warfare among nations, with its enormous waste of resources even in time of peace and the consequent impoverishment of the life of the toiling masses. We pledge the party to use its best endeavors to substitute judicial and other peaceful means of settling international differences. We favor an international agreement for the limitation of naval forces." But they were not pacifists. "Pending such an agreement . . . we pledge ourselves to maintain for the present the policy of building two battleships a year." Melancholy memorial of former hopes!

Apart from the Progressive platform of 1912, other measures and aspirations were cherished by those associated with the progressive movement in its broadest ranges. Herbert Croly and his colleagues on The New Republic by no means limited their vision to the offerings of this official document, but in this political state paper is a fair gauge of the outlook, spirit and hopes of progressivism in the fateful year of 1914 when The New Republic was launched. Moreover, it is a towering milestone set down in that time, by which to discover what gains have been made and what directions have been taken by progressive leadership in thought and action. In many respects, it may be said, the history of domestic policies and measures for twenty-five years has been an application and extension of the principles laid down at Chicago in 1912.

If emphasis on the Progressive platform seems exaggerated here, it is well to remember that it represented the broad stream of tendency in which The New Republic was launched. Even so, its authors were defeated in the election of 1912. The Progressives polled only a little more than one-third of the popular vote. Though seemingly powerful, they were in a minority and a large part of their apparent strength at the moment was doubtless due to the personal popularity of Theodore Roosevelt rather than to the appeal of the platform. And the rapid decline of their organization indicated the weakness of their appeal and the apparent hopelessness of their cause. Although the editors of The New Republic were not mere voices crying in a wilderness, the hosts of Armageddon marched from defeat to ruin. In other words, it was an uphill struggle for Mr. Croly and his colleagues.

The struggle was made all the more difficult by reason of the fact that the implications of their policy were wider than those of the Progressive platform and had still less popular support. In his "Promise of American Life," Mr. Croly had not laid down a bill of economic specifications. His thought was more political than social. He sought to unite the strong nationalism of Hamilton with the democracy and liberty of Jefferson as a design for American politics. Theodore Roosevelt praised the book but looked upon Mr. Croly as too radical for practical purposes. And Roosevelt was right, at the moment, from his point of view. Mr. Croly's social outlook was broader than that of the Progressive platform or of Roosevelt in his most expansive moments.

Walter Lippmann also entertained views too strong for mere progressive politicians. In his "Preface to Politics" (1913) he had said things which they did not like: "A political revolution is in progress: the state as policeman is giving place to the state as producer. . . . Those who deplore the use of force in the labor struggle should ask themselves whether the ruling class of any country could be depended upon to inaugurate a program of reconstruction which would abolish the barbarism that prevails in industry. . . . Fight labor's demands to the last ditch and there will come a time when it seizes the whole of power, makes itself sovereign and takes what it used to ask. . . . The world has been slow to recognize the work of the Socialist Party in transmuting dumb mutterings into a civilized program. . . . The direct actionists are a warning to the Socialist Party that its tactics and program are not adequate to domesticating the deep unrest of labor. . . . Civilization has much to fear from blind class antagonism; but the preaching of 'class consciousness,' far from being a fomenter of violence, must be recognized as the civilizing influence of culture upon economic interests." Had such views been adopted by the Progressive convention of 1912, they would have driven a large proportion of the Onward Marching Christians back into the good old Republican camp.

In his "New Democracy," Walter Weyl had spoken (1912) in more positive terms: "The industrial goal of democracy is the socialization of industry. . . . With government ownership of some industries, with a government regulation of others, with publicity for all (to the extent that publicity is socially desirable), with an enlarged power of the community in industry, and with an increased appropriation by the community of the increasing social surplus and of the growing unearned increment, the progressive socialization of industry will take place. To accomplish these ends the democracy will rely upon the trade union, the association of consumers and other industrial agencies. It will, above all, rely upon the state."

The barest summary of the measures adopted under both Republican and Democratic auspices since The New Republic was founded indicates the nature of the gains for which old progressives had striven: extension of the suffrage to women; budgetary and administrative reorganizations; old-age pensions; social insurance; federal and state housing; regulation of the issue of securities and exchanges; regulation of interstate transmission of electric power; public ownership and development of water-power sites, beginning with the Water Power Act of 1920 and ending with Boulder Dam, Bonneville, Grand Coulee and the TVA; efforts to put agriculture on a parity with industry; conservation of national resources—federal, state and cooperative; national highway system; anti-injunction

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legislation, wages-and-hours law, Wagner Labor Relations Act; education of the Supreme Court in matters of social reform and civil liberties and the reëstablishment of the broad interpretation of the Constitution.

Herein lies a test of the perspicacity of The New Republic's editors in formulating their program. They did with remarkable insight divine the future. Despite the setbacks of warfare, normalcy and the Coolidge age, their labors were far from vain, for history, that merciless judge of all man's proposals, has thus far, in a large measure, vindicated their projections of 1914. This is not to say that America has reached a haven of security or that no perilous days are ahead, but that events have justified the progressive outlook upon American life and economy. The spirit of 1914, clarified and informed by recent history, has its warrant and its task in 1939. As Walter Lippmann finely said in 1913: "The dynamics for a splendid civilization are all about us," even now amid the encircling gloom of war.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Ideological Immunity, 1975

We asked Stuart Chase what kind of America he hoped his grandchildren would live in, along about 1975.—THE EDITORS

I WENT TO SEE the Futurama at the New York World's Fair. It was nice. I went to see the TVA as a working model of the future in America. That was nice, too. I've taken a look at tank agriculture, Nylon, chemurgy, Greenbelt, the Food Stamp plan, the North Beach Airport, the Rural Electrification Administration, the triple budget, Grand Coulee, the Merritt Parkway, synthetic rubber, television, Radburn, the Shelter Belt. They're all nice. They all point to a country better arranged than it is today. But I hope for an America rather more revolutionary than the one projected by Futuramas and utopias of stainless steel.

I hope that my grandchildren are going to be brought up to think straight. I hope they will see through ghosts made out of words, at a glance. I hope they will live in a world where ideologies will be knocked down at two for a nickel and no takers. When somebody begins to peddle the 1975 equivalents of fascism, communism, imperial destiny, sturdy individualism; of wars for democracy, civilization or liberty; of moral preparedness, interventionism, isolationism, capitalism, syndicalism, anti-Semitism, Douglasism or spinachism—I hope my grandchildren will assume a dead-pan expression, deader than any Calvin Coolidge ever wore.

In the year 1802, when Napoleon was on the loose, Lord Grenville arose in Parliament and said: "The interests and happiness of Europe were nearly destroyed by the inordinate ambition of the French government, which was extending its power and authority to the total subversion of the liberties of mankind. Were we, therefore, to view with silent indifference this deplorable subjugation of Europe, or meet with manly fortitude the perilous consequences of war?"

On October 12, 1939, when Hitler was on the loose, Prime Minister Chamberlain arose in Parliament and said: "It was not, therefore, with any vindictive purpose that we embarked on war, but simply in defense of freedom. It is not alone the freedom of the small nations that is at stake; there is also in jeopardy the peaceful existence of Great Britain, the Dominions, India, the rest of the British Empire, France and indeed of all freedom-loving countries."

One can understand Britain's quarrel with Napoleon in 1802 and with Hitler in 1939. When a strong rival appears on the Continent to challenge the power of England, it has to be crowned. But why drag in "the interests and happiness of Europe," "the total subversion of the liberties of mankind," "the deplorable subjugation" and the "defense of freedom"? Why indeed? To perfume a brutal clash between rival powers with lofty ideology.

Jefferson could scent this stuff a mile away. He was quite willing to bargain with the "deplorable subjugator," on behalf of the continental interests of the United States, and to buy Louisiana from Napoleon. Other incumbents of the White House have not always been blessed with such ideological immunity.

In the fall of 1914, when the Kaiser was on the loose, President Eliot of Harvard addressed a letter to President Wilson urging intervention. He wrote: "If the Central Empires are allowed to succeed in their present enterprises, the fear of sudden invasion will constantly hang over all European peoples; and the increasing burdens of competitive armaments will have to be borne for another forty years. . . . In this cause, would not the people of the United States approve of the abandonment of Washington's advice that this country keep out of European complications? I am inclined to believe that our people would support such an effort to punish international crimes and to promote future international peace." Wilson was enough impressed with the message to read it to the Cabinet.

In due course Wilson adopted the lofty principles here set forth. The Central Empires were stopped with our help—forty-five billion dollars' worth of help. The British Empire—a little short of wind—continued as before, with handsome parcels of additional real estate. The "fear of sudden invasion," the "burdens of com-

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petitive armaments," the "international crimes," also continued as before, while "international peace" took a trip to Betelgeuse.

Ah, but how we cheered—most of us—when Wilson read his war message to Congress: "The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. . . . We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them." One can almost sing the last sentence —the faith and the freedom of nations. How beautiful, and how it rattles around in the ashcan of history.

We cheered Lloyd George's speech to the Trade Union Congress in January, 1918: "Germany has occupied a great position in the world. It is not our wish to destroy that position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from hopes of military domination and see her devote all her strength to the great beneficent tasks of humanity. . . . The settlement of the new Europe must be based on such grounds of reason and justice as will give some promise of stability."

Nice Kitty, the German people, always nice Kitty. Reason and justice reached their climax in Mr. Lloyd George's Versailles, and the subsequent stability has been something to marvel at.

Now let's take the case of Stalin. He has probably produced the most colossal ideological shambles in history. It is as if the Pope should embrace Mohammedanism, and set up a harem in the Vatican.

All you who have trembled at the tramp of fascism, hold up your hands. All you who have believed that communism was the deadly enemy of fascism, hold up your hands. All you who saw the photograph of von Ribbentrop landing in Moscow amid a cloud of brave swastika banners, hold up your hands. The hands of thousands, of millions, of trusting people all over the world are up.

If one can duck out from under the dialectics, what one sees in Russia today is extraordinarily interesting. Stalin has put the class struggle on the shelf, and turned to get into the European poker game and play power politics with the boys. He has a good roomy Russian blouse and it is full of aces. Marx steps aside for Peter the Great. One doesn't approve or disapprove. One watches the game.

Stalin leads us to General Franco. We were most solemnly assured, in the highest quarters, of the validity of the following equations:

The Loyalists = democracy = socialism = Russia.
Franco = fascism = capitalism = Germany + Italy.

We were assured that if Franco won, democracy in Europe was done for. When Hitler attacked France from the north, Franco would attack from the south, Gibraltar would tumble and that would be the end. We were assured that but for Russian aid, Franco would prevail. Obviously, therefore, Russia was the guardian of democracy and liberty in Western Europe.

Now where do we find ourselves? Franco wins. He proceeds to discomfit landowners and manufacturers most acutely by his decrees. He keeps mousy quiet in international affairs, but is reported to be furious at Hitler for signing up with Russia. Far from attacking France, he is apparently drawing continually closer to the embattled democracies. *Per contra,* had the Loyalists won, and had they kept their Russian connections, *they* might be making a pass at France this very moment. Get one leg around the chandelier and try to work this out.

The moral, at least, is clear. What we thought we saw in Spain wasn't in Spain, it was in our heads. We were blinded by an ideological barrage. What was to be seen in Spain? The monarchy, the Church, the feudal property system were breaking up, after centuries of domination. Two rival groups were struggling for supremacy amid the ruins. Either group would have welcomed help from anybody, at any time, in any commodity. One group got help from Italy and Germany, the other from Russia. The first group won the fight. I didn't like this group at all, and I did like the other, but there it is. I don't like the Japs as well as the Chinese, but there it is. When I was studying Greek history, I didn't like the Spartans as well as the Athenians, but they won out.

When Stalin signed up with Hitler, he shattered one great ideological system. Unfortunately he reinforced another one. He made it easier for the opponents of totalitarianism to draw the sword. The Rt. Reverend Bishop Manning and his friends were having a little ideological trouble getting up a Holy War with the godless Bolsheviks on their side. But when the British-Russian negotiations collapsed and Stalin did a running jump into the other camp, the Bishop got a welcome green light. The line-up now stands (October 20):

Democracy = France + England, against
Totalitarianism = Germany + Russia.

No man of God could ask for a better break. But how long will it last? Remember that a few weeks ago the equation appeared to be:

Democracy = France + England + Poland + Russia
against
Fascism = Germany + Italy + Japan.

Before the parsons can memorize their sermons they may find that Italy has joined the democracies. In which case they will battle fascism with the sturdy assistance of the man who invented it. Meanwhile England and France are working hard on Russia. Instead of declaring war, England has just signed a far-reaching trade agreement. Nothing would be more

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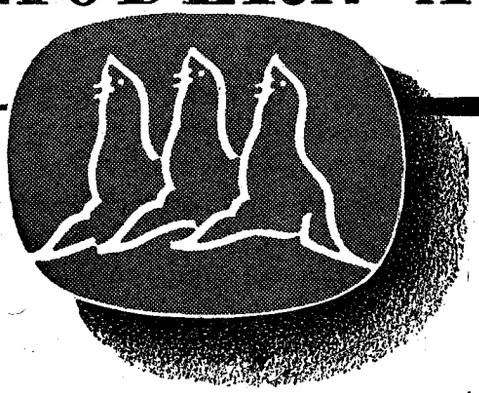

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welcome than the return of Russia to the democratic camp—no matter how many scalps of little nations might dangle from her belt.

So many inconceivable things have happened in the past weeks, that I venture to suggest a few more as ideological exercises. Let Bishop Manning, Comrade Browder and Dorothy Thompson flex their intellectual muscles on these:

1. Suppose England, France, Italy and Germany combine to support Finland and the Scandinavian nations against Russia. A recent editorial in a British religious journal proposes just this.

2. Suppose France makes a separate peace with Germany.

3. Suppose Japan attacks Russia and China simultaneously. Would this make Japan a totalitarian democracy?

4. Suppose England comes to an understanding with Japan whereby Japan will attack Russia if England will cease supporting China. Then we get:

Totalitarianism = Russia + China, against
Democracy = Japan + England.

A man of principle must be an acrobat these days. When, after unheard-of efforts, he finally gets a situation satisfactorily rationalized, it blows up in his face. But if one is immune to ideologies, there are no painful explosions. The air clears. Once out of the ideological madhouse a simple and familiar pattern emerges. Graham Hutton sketches it in his "Survey after Munich": "What we have seen between 1933 and 1938 in Europe . . . is only part of a historical struggle between national forces in a crowded continent—crowded not in the sense of being overpopulated, but in the sense of harboring tribes and nations with conflicting aims in a very narrow space."

Meanwhile every major increase in the technical arts, either of peace or of war, makes the space more narrow. There is only one solution for Europe if the continent is to escape a reversion to the age of living in caves, and that is a federated union. There is only one power that can force it, and that is the people of Europe themselves. When they are sufficiently weary of keeping one eye on the sky and one foot in a bomb-proof shelter, they can oust their Führers, premiers, generals, and do what America did in 1789.

I should like my grandchildren to understand these matters realistically. I should like their contemporaries in Europe to be equally tough-minded, so that they can organize the continent and make it habitable again. It is a beautiful continent, and full of fine people. They shouldn't have to suffer so.

America is one hundred and fifty years ahead of Europe in the vital matter of continental integration, but that does not deliver Americans from an imposing array of domestic spooks. To name a few:

The pious belief in capitalism, and the sanctity of private enterprise.

The pious belief in socialism, and the public ownership of the means of production.

Anti-Rooseveltism—"that man" pictured as the Beast of the Apocalypse.

Anti-New Dealism—you know, the little pigs and all this squandering.

Balanced budgetism.

Class struggleism—the proletariat can do no wrong.

Anti-unionism—the Faith of Mr. Girdler and his friends.

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"Corn Exchange Bank" in the lower left-hand corner. Many socialists have a similar mental merry-go-round, except that it runs in the opposite direction.

An ideology might be described as an emotional attachment to a noise. The fact that the noise, when articulated, sounds like the word "capitalism" makes it no less meaningless. If a social scientist finds it convenient to use a word "capitalism" in place of a long description of economic behavior which he has made once, the label can be time-saving and useful. But his description will not agree with anybody else's description. If you doubt this, try asking twenty good men to write definitions of capitalism and see what you get. Capitalism is an abstraction of a very high order, having only the remotest reference to concrete materials or to specific acts which human beings perform. To be useful it must be employed sparingly, and with the fullest knowledge that it is a remote abstraction. So when tycoons fall in love with capitalism, they are literally going crazy. They are worshiping nothing that actually exists in space and time.

I hope my grandchildren will be wary of intellectuals, who are our modern medicine men. I hope they keep the direct animal intelligence with which they will be born, and never have it clouded with fuzzy ideologies. I hope they can think so straight from word to thing that the ghosts will fall down flat. It will be easy to teach them this if they can be protected from the superstitions and confusions of their elders. Karl Llewellyn of Columbia University, for instance, has suggested a simple formula for teaching a healthy skepticism in children. Let them be instructed from the kindergarten to preface every statement of fact with this formula: My geography book says Albany is the capital of New York. . . . Mr. Smithers says stealing is naughty. . . . The Bugle says Japan is a menace. . . . Candidate Loud says that Senator Louder is a liar.

In the kindergarten is the place to begin. Adults who try to break out of ideological prisons today, with the help of the scientific attitude and the new discipline of semantics, find it hard going. We were badly brought up. We are full of spurious verbal values. Certain words can ring bells in our heads, even when we know the words are nothing but loud noises. We have to watch ourselves all the time.

Our grandchildren will not need to suffer under this handicap. Their feelings will be better expressed than ours, and applied where emotion belongs. Emotion will not surge into a political analysis any more than it surges into a laboratory dissection. They will not find it necessary to act before they think, or shoot before they aim. They will grow up as immune to ideologies as they are now immune to typhoid and diphtheria. Or so I hope.

They can build all the Futuramas they want, then. They can resolve the paradox of plenty with one hand tied behind them. They can banish war forever. No longer, like this unhappy generation, will they waste most of their energy fighting apparitions which come from crossed wires in their skulls.

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The tragedy of Europe is one of the basic facts of American life. It is as pertinent to our history as the physical isolation of this continent. From the moment that English colonists set foot on American soil, shifts in the balance of power in Europe have been a vital concern of ours. As members of the British Empire we were involved in every European war of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The winning of independence was made possible by French military and naval assistance designed, from the French point of view, to weaken the position of Britain as a Great Power. During our infancy as a nation our security was due in large part to fifty years of war and revolu-

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tion in Europe. To military and diplomatic rivalries abroad we may attribute in some measure the elimination of France and Spain as North American powers, our uninterrupted expansion to the west and south and the pronouncement and successful maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. To the same causes may be ascribed the ease with which, for better or worse, we acquired an empire in the Caribbean, the Canal Zone and the Pacific, and, until recently, have supported the policies of the Open Door and the integrity of China. With the exception of 1917, we have never used force in support of this balance of power, although we have been its principal beneficiary.

In other words, the security of the United States is attributable not alone to geographical position or military power. It likewise has been a consequence of the fact that no power or coalition of powers has ever enjoyed unquestioned supremacy on the continent of Europe and in its adjoining seas. Hereditary blood feuds and clashing interests of the several Continental nations have constituted the principal obstacle to the hegemony of any one of them. But a contributing, and frequently decisive, factor has been British policy, which traditionally was concerned, first, with seeing that no Continental nation developed naval strength sufficient to establish control of the seas and second, with preventing any rival from becoming military arbiter of the Continent. By this politico-military strategy Britain sought to reinforce the security vouchsafed by the Channel. Her tenacious adherence to this policy for more than three centuries, despite many laudatory references to her "splendid isolation" and freedom from alliances, may be measured by the fact that in modern times no hostile force has set foot on English soil, even though prior to 1914 she never threw all of her resources into a war.

The First World War compelled Britain to use the maximum of her man-power and economic reserves; and although she was one of the "victors," she found her position at the end less secure than it had been before the test of arms. It appeared as if she might not recover either materially or morally. The leadership of the Empire fell into palsied hands which forsook not only Spain and Czecho-Slovakia but with them the traditional policy of using Britain's friends as the first line of defense against her potential enemies. The development of the modern bombing plane of great range, speed and destructiveness terminated Britain's centuries-old immunity to direct attack and gave the ruthless totalitarian states a weapon of terror and blackmail which for a time seemed to paralyze her will to resist. Hence the present ominous challenge of Hitler and revolutionary Germany, which may prove to be more serious than an earlier menace from Napoleon and a revolutionary France. It would be a grave error to minimize the threat or to assume that it is without portentous significance to us.

For Great Britain the balance-of-power game is just about played out. Forty years ago or more she became aware that she might need help from a formidable coalition of allies and, equally, from a friendly United States. By fortuitous circumstance, American policy already was drifting in a direction favorable to Britain's diplomatic and strategic pretensions. The building of the new navy in the eighties and nineties, the rapid extension of international trade, the cult of imperialism and sea power, the acquisition of an insular empire and the construction of the Panama Canal launched the United States into power politics. Professor Bemis has called this new policy a "great aberration," but its consequences were stark reality. The Open Door, the integrity of China, Rooseveltian diplomacy before and after the Russo-Japanese War, the Knox neutralization scheme in Manchuria, American participation in Chinese consortiums and the Washington Conference of a later period all were designed to forestall the hegemony of any power or group of powers in the Far East. Inasmuch as the Pacific area is the "backyard of European politics," the weight of the United States was thereby thrown into the European diplomatic game by indirection. At no time after 1898 was the United States officially indifferent to the balance of power in the world.

Seen in perspective, the policies of the Wilson administration from 1914-19 were not so much an isolated phenomenon as a continuance of the power politics which he inherited from his predecessors. By 1914 certain influential circles of American opinion, including the navy and the Department of State, were guided by a belief that the German empire was a formidable disturber of the balance of power and of the peace of the world, a belief which German policy and German pronouncements did little to offset. Hence almost from the start Wilson and his associates had marked pro-Ally sympathies, and the course of Wilsonian diplomacy was solicitous for an Allied victory. By the crucial decision of 1915 to extend credits to the Allies the United States did what Britain had so often done—to throw its financial and economic power into the balance. By his stand in the "Lusitania" case, Wilson put a straitjacket on the submarine and thus for a time deprived Germany of unlimited use of her most effective weapon at sea. By refusing, despite the most urgent representations of the German and Austro-Hungarian governments, to limit the traffic in arms and munitions, material aid was lent the Allies, however legally and correctly. And the net effect of the activities of Colonel House and of Wilson's "good offices" was to put Germany on the defensive and to exert the moral influence of the United States on the side of the Allies.

In the spring of 1917, unrestricted submarine warfare, mutinies in the French army, virtual withdrawal of Russia from the war, and exhaustion of Allied cred-

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its in the United States seemed to presage a German victory. There can be no doubt that to most members of the Wilson administration, as well as to a considerable section of American public opinion, such a result would have been a major catastrophe to the United States. Hence the fateful decision to lend aid to France and Britain—loans (which in fact became subsidies), naval reinforcements and an expeditionary force. However much Wilson may have disavowed considerations of power politics, Pershing in the Argonne was to the Great War what Wellington at Waterloo was to the wars of Napoleon. And had Wilson had his way, he might have committed the United States to maintaining the benign balance of power which the victory at arms had made possible.

There was another fundamental issue involved in American participation in the Great War—maintenance of the historic doctrine of freedom of the seas, which was deeply rooted in American tradition and had been cherished since the Revolution. Freedom of the seas implied the right of neutrals generally and the United States in particular to trade in wartime with a minimum of interference. The American conception of neutrality from Thomas Paine, Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson to Woodrow Wilson was that European wars gave us an opportunity to grow fat on trade with the belligerents and that the government of the United States would see to it that Americans might go anywhere in pursuit of this purpose. It must be borne in mind that, however great the risks of its assertion, this alleged right was one of the fundamental policies of the United States and that Wilson's championship of it was in the historic tradition. For better or for worse, then, American intervention in 1917 was in defense of what, at the time, appeared to be vital interests of the United States, to which the submarine was a particularly effective challenge. It was not hypocrisy to assert as we did that we wished to make the world safe for democracy, but it certainly was incidental.

This interpretation of our wartime history does not coincide with some which have been having a wide acceptance. Others emphasize more heavily the theory that American intervention grew out of the insidious wiles of Allied propaganda, the nefarious trade in munitions, the financial operations of international bankers, the naïveté and incapacity of American diplomacy and the seductiveness of Wilsonian rhetoric. Each of these factors may well have played a role, but in themselves they create a picture which is lacking in perspective as well as detail. It does something less than justice to the Americans of 1917, furthermore, to assume that they were the easy victims of intrigue and misguided eloquence. And it would require monumental self-assurance to say that, faced with an identical situation and without benefit of hindsight, we might not again make the same choice. What is vital to our peace and safety is that we shall do all in our power to see that events shall not take such a course as to face us once more with a similar tragic dilemma.

Already significant progress has been made in this respect. More than five years ago we began an earnest debate to discover the reasons for American participation in the last war and to consider measures by which we might avoid becoming involved in the next. In April, 1934, an article by Mr. Charles Warren, "Troubles of a Neutral," based upon the author's experiences in Woodrow Wilson's administration and outlining a series of practical measures to profit from past mistakes, attracted the attention not merely of students and publicists but of the Department of State and Congress. Important researches by American historians and the revelations of the Nye committee precipitated a debate on American foreign policy which may well prove to be of great historical importance, not only to the United States but to the world. The ravages of the depression, the mounting costs of veterans' benefits and the cessation of French and British payments on the war debts confirmed expert judgment that, as the President put it, profits from war trade are "fool's gold." Enactment between 1935 and 1937 of a series of "Neutrality Acts" gave effect to opinions which had already crystallized.

However defective this legislation may have been in details, it is a milestone in American foreign policy—a courageous attempt, worthy of a great nation, to take its bearings in a stormy world and to decide before it is too late what are the things for which it is *not* prepared to fight. It is a virtual renunciation of freedom of the seas, a waiver of the heretofore costly assertion of the right of Americans to trade anything, anywhere, any time. In this respect it is a frank admission of the patent truth that unrestricted war trade under official protection is a menace to the peace and security of the United States. It seeks to forestall acrimonious controversies with belligerents and to avoid those spectacular incidents which in other wars have led indignation and passion to overcome reason and interest. Had legislation of this sort been on the statute books in 1914, the course of American policy would have been quite different.

And what shall we say of the balance of power? It would be a costly folly to assume that it makes no difference to us who wins this war. A triumph for Nazi Germany and her open or covert allies would be a disaster to the principles of civilized life for which the United States stands, even should totalitarianism eventually assume tolerable forms. What is of transcending significance to our welfare is the possibility that a German or Russo-German victory might have far-reaching consequences to the political and strategic position of the United States. Our frontier emphatically is not on the Rhine, but our first line of defense is formed by British ships and French bayonets; so long

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as that front remains unbroken, we are not likely to enter the war.

Upon the continuance of British sea power have been predicated certain of our fundamental military policies, such as concentration of the fleet in the Pacific. And much as we may dislike British imperialism, the disruption of the British Empire would present us immediately with some embarrassing questions within our own sphere of interest, the Western Hemisphere. We may well ask ourselves whether it may not be in our interest, entirely aside from our sympathies, to take such reasonable and non-provocative measures *short of war* as will tend to assure the continued independence of Britain and France—not for their sakes but for ours, not because they are democracies but because at certain vital points their security is intimately associated with our own. Continuance of the embargo on arms would enhance the chances of a German victory and would be almost certain to prolong the war, thus increasing the pressures for American intervention. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to stay out of the war unless there should arise contingencies which we cannot now foresee. Our geographical position gives us time to think and the freedom, as Washington said, "to choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel." If we ultimately should make the tragic choice of war, it should be only because of the most compelling circumstance, such as a mortal threat to our military security.

For the moment a balance-of-power policy seems to be outside the realm of practical possibility, even if it were otherwise desirable. The as yet obscure objectives of Russia make uncertain the alignment of powers and suggest that the struggle may not conform to traditional patterns. Even should Germany be victorious, she would certainly face the ultimate menace of a stab in the back from her erstwhile partners in plunder. And the unstable situation in the Pacific makes it extremely hazardous, if not impossible, for the United States to lend effective large-scale naval or military aid to Britain and France even should we wish.

Furthermore, there is something intrinsically abhorrent in the balance of power as such. As John Quincy Adams once said, it would be better for the peace of Europe as well as the peace of the United States if the European and American systems could be kept as separate as possible from one another. Most Americans would agree with Jefferson that we should avoid participation in European wars "even in support of principles [like democracy] which we mean to pursue." They would echo the voice of Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada that it is "a nightmare and sheer madness" to intervene every generation in the affairs of "a Continent which is unable to run itself." In the long run, pursuit of a balance of power may be anarchy pure and simple; Cobden called it something akin to perpetual motion. However successful it may have been for Britain, it might prove to be sheer Quixotism on the part of the United States.

Furthermore, there is the possibility that the balance of power may prove to have no relevance to the existing situation. For this is not merely a world at war, but a world in the throes of social revolution. And the war in turn will accelerate the revolutionary processes in every belligerent country. This truth is demonstrated by the fact that six years of quasi-war have compelled fundamental changes in the creeds of fascism and communism; in order to finance a military economy, German taxation has virtually terminated all but the fiction of private property; in order to speed up the production of war supplies, Russia has had to adopt some of the devices of industrial capitalism which communists heretofore have considered abhorrent. Similar changes in the social structure are certain to occur in France and Britain under the inexorable pressures of a struggle for existence. Even neutral nations will feel the strain, for in a highly integrated world, war touches innumerable vital spots of all economies.

However ill defined the future, revolutionary processes already discernible have rendered virtually meaningless many of the assumptions on which statecraft heretofore has proceeded. The creeds of communism and fascism are a negation of every accepted tenet—liberal and conservative—of organized society. Exploiting worldwide insecurity and fear, the fascist states have played havoc with individual liberties, have exalted themselves to deity and have made faithlessness, braggadocio, blackmail and falsehood the new bases of international relations. Their economic system is an atavism compared to which mercantilism was a liberal process of exchange. For more than six years they have kept the world in a state of military, emotional and economic mobilization and have thereby seriously unbalanced normal life in literally the four corners of the earth. Posing for a time as irreconcilable ideological enemies, they have generated controversies which cut across national lines and thus produced a civil war in Europe the like of which has not been seen since the Thirty Years' War. In conjunction with a prolonged depression and the resurgence of militarism, their program has exerted relentless pressure on the standard of living of the whole world. In the face of these facts, to talk in conventional terms and traditional slogans is absurd.

In charting a course for these revolutionary times, we may no longer take for granted the axioms of nineteenth and early twentieth-century society. The continuance of capitalism and the national state, for example, at least in pre-1914 terms, is doubtful. It may be virtually impossible to preserve the British, French and Dutch colonial empires regardless of the ultimate military decision. Even should it be wise or practicable

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to intervene, we should run the risk that the post-war world would be so different from anything we have heretofore known as to nullify any victory we might conceivably win. This is not to say that we are powerless to frame a policy, but rather that it must be framed on more than *ad-hoc* considerations. It is some comfort to know that the earlier foreign policies of the United States were formulated in similarly difficult circumstances. For more than fifty years after the Declaration of Independence, Europe was in turmoil because of the French Revolution, the Wars of Napoleon and the revolutions and counter-revolutions which followed the Peace of Vienna. These tumultuous events had widespread repercussions, including insurrection, war and destruction, in the Western Hemisphere. Nevertheless, there were even then laid down the outlines of a grand strategy for the United States which continues to be the basis of our national policy. It was predicated upon the enormous advantage accruing to us by reason of geographical position, which was rightly believed to be the keystone not only of independence but of free political institutions. A code of neutrality and the doctrine of non-intervention in European affairs were natural corollaries. Transfers by European powers of territory in this hemisphere were interdicted, unless the United States were the beneficiary. The Canadian frontier was disarmed as a contribution to military security. These measures did not arise out of parochialism, for the early statesmen of the nation had the vision to make it clear, in the words of the Monroe Doctrine, that they would consider the extension of the European "system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," that any interposition of Europe in American affairs would be regarded as "a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition to the United States." This was sound statecraft and continues to be so.

The foundation of these policies was the defense of the nation, broadly conceived. Where the Fathers and their successors made their mistakes was in matters of economic expansion rather than military security. Freedom of the seas was a costly error in 1812 as in 1917. Dollar diplomacy and imperialism, of later origin, belonged in the same category and likewise appear to have been abandoned. The lesson in this for us is that the only safe guide to conduct is the national defense, the peace and security of the United States. Situated as we are, we cannot be blackmailed or terrorized; we can always have the precious gift of time in which to make critical decisions. It is conceivable that circumstances now unforeseen may seem to dictate political or military intervention in Europe or the Far East as our wisest course. But they should be compelling circumstances and should be judged with single reference to our own security. Meanwhile we may be obliged to take positive action of more restricted scope. For example, it would probably be wise to make it perfectly clear that we shall not permit American territories to become the stakes of war or diplomacy. This is an established policy of the United States, antedating the Monroe Doctrine although intimately associated with it, which has been officially propounded for more than a century as regards the Floridas, Louisiana, Cuba, Bermuda and Hawaii, and which has more recently been extended to Canada. The President has hinted that it is to be applied to other European territories in this hemisphere, but a more categorical declaration is needed.

It would be unwise to underestimate the cost of neutrality. It may involve measures against deflation which in themselves will have far-reaching effects on our national economy. And should Germany and her allies win the war, it may require substantial increases in our appropriations for defense, including perhaps the maintenance of a two-ocean navy and those other "swollen military establishments" which we always have feared because of the vested interest they tend to create in autocracy and war. With a new alignment of military and naval power in the Old World, national defense for us might be a costly business, with incalculable economic strain. The drain on our national wealth might revolutionize our social structure. An armed peace of indefinite duration might put unbearable pressure on our democratic institutions.

As against these contingencies is the certainty that participation in the war would involve all of this and more. It might mean the end of representative government in the United States, although not necessarily so. Following 1917, it might create a precedent committing the United States to periodical intervention in European affairs with all that it would imply. Our resources, our man power, our navy, our continental situation, our political prestige all enable us to pursue the balance of power, but they also enable us *not* to pursue it. The choice must be made only with reference to which course of action will enable us to maintain and develop those institutions which are as precious to us as life itself. The choice may or may not involve departure from what have been our traditional policies; at the moment no one can foresee. It might be wise in this connection to remember what Henry Clay said to Louis Kossuth when the latter, almost a century ago, was pleading for American help to the cause of freedom in Central Europe: the United States by adhering to her traditional policy of amity and non-intervention has "done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect"; therefore "far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise pacific system and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this Western shore . . . than to hazard its extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

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